TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I spent last Sunday afternoon in Central Park, New York, in company with a small party of Toronto gentlemen among whom was Mr. John Ross Robertson of the *Telegram*. The tens of thousands of people who were thronging the park on that sunny afternoon excited our surprise and admiration. That vast breathing spot in what is now almost the heart of New York suggested some reflections on the niggardly policy which is being followed by Toronto in not providing suitable places for recreation and exercise for the rapidly increasing population which is making this the greatest city of Canada. Moreover Mr. Robertson was free to confess that he could see no moral or religious injury likely to result to the parents who were taking their children to see the animals in the Zoo, nor could I see what harm the father was doing either to himself or the sweet-faced baby he held up to gaze at the tigers who paced restlessly up and down their cage, or what sin was being committed by the mother who with much more knowledge of natural history than I possess was describing to her little boy the habits of the hippopotamus. Everything was quiet and orderly. The vast streams of people passed before the cages and pens, wandered about the pleasant walks, sat on the benches or rolled the baby carriages along the carefully kept walks. Yet the suggestion of such a thing for Toronto would bring down the wrath of our most liberal preachers and the reprobation of the faithful who forget that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath.

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New York of to-day is not like the New York of a few years ago. Saloons and concert halls and theaters are closed on Sunday. On week days beer and music are separated, good order and increased cleanliness prevail in what a few years ago were the lowest parts of the city. Mission schools and services of song, prayer meetings and revival services are to be found on Sunday in many of the streets in and around the Five Points, once as infamously celebrated as the Seven Dials of London. Public sentiment is sustaining the efforts of the officials who are endeavoring to stamp out the rampant vice which once characterized not only the six days of New York life but the seventh also. There is now a strong movement to curtail the number of licenses granted to the groggeries, saloons and hotels of the American metropolis. But so great have been the recent reforms that a delegation of temperance men who waited on the Board of Excise asking that body to restrict if possible the number of licenses for the sale of liquor to a maximum of eight thousand five hundred, were informed that the number had already been reduced to less than eight thousand, which, however, does not include shop licenses. As compared with Toronto, this is an enormous number. On the basis of one saloon to a thousand people, which is about the rule here, New York would have only one saloon where there are five now. No doubt the attempt to largely diminish the number of saloons will yet result in reducing them one-half; but we must remember that while this would be approved of by respectable and thoughtful people, any attempt to close the Zoological Gardens in Central Park, or to forbid the people to visit museums, picture galleries, or things of that sort on Sunday, would meet with almost the unanimous opposition of the city. There is just now a case in point and the popular demand for the opening of the Art Museum cannot be resisted. If the street cars or elevated trains or ferry boats were stopped on Sunday it would create a revolution.

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I make these suggestions to show that moral and temperance movements may flourish in a city which has every means of Sunday communication, and that the popular demand for a Sunday street car by no means involves a desire for the open saloon or improper amusements. Of course it looks hard to see so many men and horses hard at work on the Sabbath, but it would be harder still if all the men, women and babies who want to visit one another in New York and Brooklyn and Jersey City had either to stay home or walk.

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Talking about the liquor trade reminds me of what I had to say last week with regard to the Ontario Government and License Commissioners here and elsewhere. There is no popular desire except on the part of the most fanatical prohibition agitators, to make the life of the hotel and saloon keeper miserable, or to place him in such a position that he can be made the victim of official or political blackmail. I sincerely sympathize with hotelkeepers who have deserved their licenses by keeping respectable and lawful houses, and who are nevertheless forced to feel that they have to subscribe liberally to party funds, and to contribute to the incomes of men who have "the pull" or else lose their permit. As a western politician once said of the appointment of an objectionable postmaster, "This town is divided into two sections, the postmaster is on one side and the people are on the other." So by the present administration of the Crooks Act Ontario is divided into two sections, the government, a score of men who have "the pull" and the License Commissioners on one side, the decent hotelkeepers and all the rest of the people on the other.

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Colonel George Taylor Denison, police judge and patriot, has at last succeeded in exciting a declaration of war. For years he has been teaching us to hate and fear the Yankees but of late he has devoted all the time he could spare from his police court duties, which include applications for an increase of salary and petitions for an assistant, to denouncing the wicked man Wiman, and every one who dared suggest that things "hain't jest as they might be." I used to think that the Colonel put it all on, that he was "making believe" when he was not excited and didn't know what he was saying when his blood was up, but lately I am of the opinion that his disease is a sort of Yankeephobia, intensified by some hereditary political sores which have never healed. By this I don't mean to assert that Colonel Denison does not give some good and cogent reasons for thinking it his duty to become flammivorous in country school-houses. His great trouble is that he goes too far and when he forgets charity to others, when he impugns motives and makes allegations of which he has not proof enough to convict, he arouses suspicion that he is posing for effect, is violent as an advertisement and is patriotic for a purpose. Mr. D'Alton McCarthy is an Imperial Federationist, a loyal man, supreme in this province as to politics in the dominant party of the Dominion, makes strong speeches, gives good reasons for the faith that is in him; and yet newspapers of all parties treat him with respect. Mr. McCarthy does not find it necessary to intersperse his oratory with flamboyant paragraphs and fillibustering periods, or to breathe out blood-tinted flames when referring to our republican neighbors. Colonel Denison might well take a hint from Mr. McCarthy's eloquent moderation; he can do so without injury to himself and with great gain to the cause he advocates.

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The declaration of war which Colonel Denison has succeeded in procuring is with the *Globe*, which one day lately announced that it had been provoked beyond endurance, and would have to proceed to dress Colonel Denison down. It is always an unsafe thing for a man, when taking off his coat and rolling up his cuffs and spitting on his hands, to make too thrilling a statement of how badly he is going to "lick" his opponent. In the *Globe's* case it was followed by a column and a half of slang-whanging, even less elegant than the Colonel's. Name-calling is too much after the style of the battles of fish-wives, and that seems to be the only kind of fighting that the *Globe* is capable of in these, its degenerate days. Moreover in waging battle against the Colonel it has to meet a number of solemn and stinging facts which he has hurled at it, and both he and every other opponent it meets pierces its armor by simply calling attention to the wreck-and-ruin cry which has been its slogan for the gathering of the Grit clans for many years. It strikes me the *Globe* would have made a much stronger case against Colonel Denison, if it had simply pointed out how useless and dangerous his fire-eating has been proven; that it is not appreciated by the government who make loyalty and the old flag a chief plank second only to "appropriations." This is shown by the appointment of Colonel Bodega Dawson as aide-de-camp to the Governor-General. He is Colonel Denison's junior in the militia, and there is no particular reason why a blue-blooded Denison should have a back seat, while a successful saloon keeper is permitted to wear the gorgeous trappings and honors of regal and vice-regal favor. That the mercantile and manufacturing community of Toronto are not in favor of blood-red speeches was also made obvious by the omission of Colonel Denison's name from the Board of Trade banquet programme, though afore now the music of his voice accompanied by the clanking of his sabre has been heard when the good taste of the oration was exceedingly doubtful. Furthermore the Board of Aldermen have also sat upon the Colonel, insomuch as they have refused his petition for an assistant, and have intimated that if he has time and strength to go about the country making speeches after getting through with his police-court work he is not half as tired at night as he ought to be.

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In view of all these things, would it not be well during this open winter for the bellicose Colonel to call off his dog?

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There are no young men of the city doing better work, taken as a whole, than the Young Men's Liberal and Conservative Clubs. I might except the Y. M. C. A., but I am speaking of politics rather than religion. There is need for organizations for the discussion of timely topics, for associations whose object is not so much to prepare young men for leadership as for intelligent citizenship. That the Young Men's Liberal Club is not given over to annexation and the other varieties of treason enumerated in Colonel Denison's catalogue of deadly sins is shown by the fact that an ex-president is an ardent Imperial Federationist, while many and the most prominent members have oftentimes given utterance to the most patriotic and independent sentiments. That the organization is used as a recruiting squad by the Liberal party is probably true, but the education the young men acquire while discussing questions which they consider will manifest itself even within the Grit party, and may lead the young men to form a new party or on liberal measures induce them to work with the Conservatives. Discussion is a good thing no matter under what auspices it is gained, and both parties can stand a heap more of it than they now possess.

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The Young Liberal Club devoted an evening "At Home" last week to discussing Canadian literature, and to readings from the works of Canadians who have achieved some eminence. It would be difficult to point out anything more necessary than such a movement. Nothing so languishes in our midst as the literary spirit. As Mr. Mercer Adam pointed out at the meeting there are many Canadians bright enough to distinguish themselves, able enough to secure places for their work in English and American magazines, but at home they are not recognized and there is no proper vehicle for the expression of their thoughts. Canada is without a magazine, and the newspapers do not afford a place for the permanent placing of carefully written articles. The dailies and weeklies are necessarily ephemeral, and the writings of those who contribute are not preserved. Nor can such writers find even a transitory place before the public eye as the carefully prepared work of the student is esteemed too heavy for the pages prepared for busy men who show more favor to summarized expressions of fact than they do to elaborate statements of opinion.

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Mr. J. C. Hopkins at the last meeting of the Young Conservatives read an able paper on The Progress of Canada, which President J. A. Worrell complimented as being worthy to rank with the late W. A. Foster's famous "Canada First." This shows that the Young Conservatives are also doing a great work in spurring forward the patriotic impulses of Toronto youth. Everywhere we hear of lectures and addresses on Canada, and thus the great work goes on.

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Not many readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, I daresay, know that Canada, among its vast resources, counts an Academy of Letters, styled The Royal Society of Canada, with its "forty immortals," representing the literature branch of the academy, half of whom are drawn from English-speaking and half from French-speaking *littérateurs*. The society was founded by the Marquis of Lorne in 1882, as a complementary organization to The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts. Its first members were nominees of the then Governor-General, subsequent vacancies being filled up by election as they occurred. The society has an annual grant from the Dominion Government of five thousand dollars, which is spent mainly in issuing a yearly volume of transactions, containing the papers read at the annual meeting at Ottawa in the Science and Literature departments of the academy. These bulky annual volumes are the priceless possession of its members only, though a few find their way to the chief libraries of the Dominion, and quite a number, I believe, are distributed among the great literary and scientific institutions of the Old World. The Canadian ratepayer and the general public of the Dominion who have to "pay the piper" for this costly annual luxury, which nobody sees and which has no influence whatever in stimulating our young, active literature, are, I am sure, unacquainted with the issues, and indeed have no knowledge of the existence, of these portly tomes (five now in number), which have been published at the country's expense since the institution was founded by vice-royal favor. Nor has anybody heard, I make bold to say, of any great literary or scientific achievement by any members of the Academy which has been wrought or won through the inspiration and by the grace and favor of the institution with the high-sounding title. Even the "elect" and favored "immortals" who compose the academy seem themselves to have grave doubt of the usefulness of the institution, and are shy of putting themselves forward in the open field of literary enterprise duly dubbed with the cabalistic letters (F. R. S. C.), which are the distinguishing badge of their order, and the mark of their superiority over their non-elect literary brethren in the Canadian Dominion. I hear not only that the attendance at the annual meeting at Ottawa has sadly fallen off of late, but that recently there have been not a few resignations of those who have grown weary of keeping up the farce of belonging to a state supported association, which, while it is a heavy annual burden to the country, is of no literary service to it, and utilizes money that could be infinitely better spent either in the endowment of research or in the maintenance of a good and worthy native magazine.

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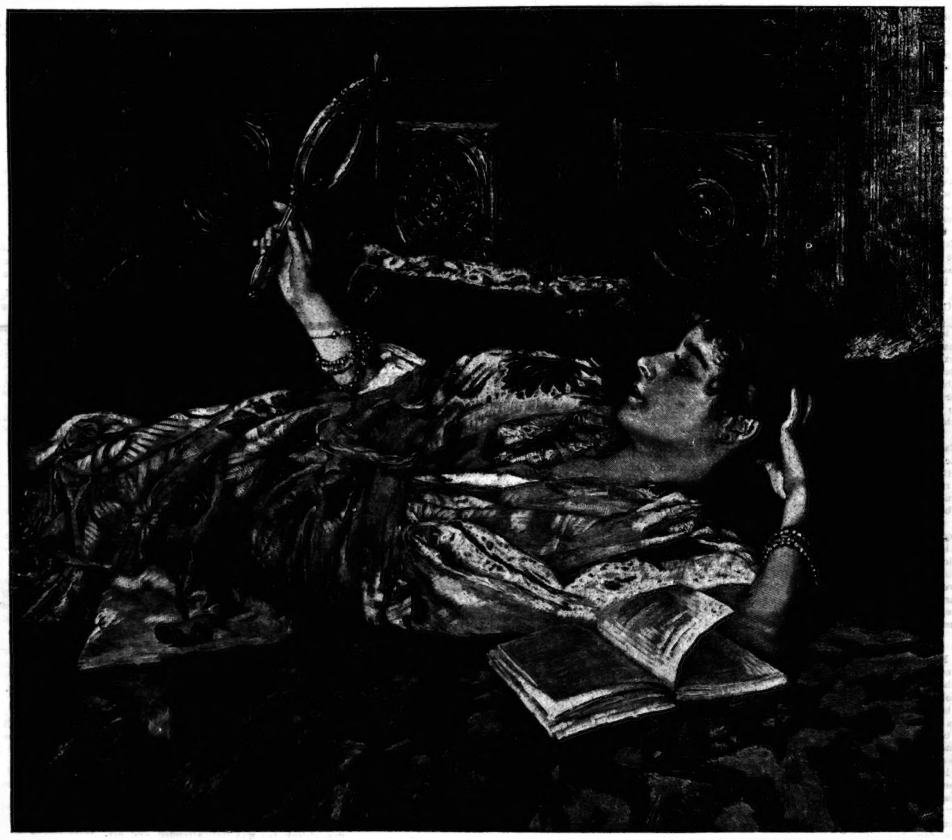
Years ago, when the organization of the



PLEASANT DREAMS.

society was first propounded, grave doubts, I remember, were expressed as to its usefulness and propriety; and particularly was the possibility questioned of making any but an invidious selection of men to become its members from the limited literary fraternity in Canada. One of these critics at the time I recall was Mr. G. Mercer Adam, who was then editing the *Canadian Monthly*, and whose remarks on the subject have not infrequently been since spoken of with approval and with commendation of their foresight and outspoken frankness. I was curious the other day to turn to a volume of the *Monthly* containing Mr. Adam's temperate and respectful dissent from the views held by Lord Lorne and by those who were about to be associated with him in the founding of the so-called "royal" institution.

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In speaking of the proposed Canadian Academy of Letters Mr. Adam said: In France, too, it is notorious that public homage is more often, and we believe deservedly, paid to men who are not academicians than to those who are. . . . It was the critique of the *North British Review*, and not the prize of an academy, that secured Heavysege his honors, and won for him the recognition of the *litterateurs* of the time. . . . The ultimate judges of merit, it will be admitted, are the public, and the academic distinctions conferred upon a writer can only be of worth when spontaneously endorsed by the public estimate. . . . Will the public consent to transfer to the Academy the right to the mark of its approbation and the seal of its favor, and if so, in the dearth of literary criticism in the public journals on Canadian work, and of all critical estimates from the outside, will it trust the judgment of a coterie of native professionals, however reputable and select? . . Will it remind the masses of the intellectual poverty of the life they lead? Will it awaken their intellectual sympathies and arouse their mental aspirations? . . . To take with the public, however, the scheme must be more than a cordial for the literary heart, and must have some motive for its object in the direction of public culture and national advancement. . . . If it is to commend itself to public favor, its influence must be felt, and it must place itself loyally and helpfully at the service of the nation." What he said in 1881 has certainly been justified by subsequent events, and the recent resignations of disgusted members.

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"The Storm of '92: a Grandfather's Tale Told in 1932," is a handsome little book which will find many readers, and will probably become one of the principal handbooks of the Imperial Federationists. The author, who is a Toronto man, styles himself W. H. C. Lawrence, though I am led to believe his real name would be much more familiar to the public. The cover is beautifully lithographed, and represents a battle scene between the Canadian and Yankee forces, a scene quite gory enough to suit even Col. Denison himself. The story is told in 1932, and begins with the annexation movement in Canada and its counterpart in the United States, points out that the Americans were led by the noise of a few Canadians to believe that the Dominion was anxious to be annexed, and went on to make a proposal which was refused, leaving the angry republicans in the position of rejected suitors. A careful and intelligent review of the fishery question is given, and the seizure of the American fishing smack, James G. Blaine, in April, 1892, is put forward as the immediate cause of the war which ensued. Graphic descriptions of the scene in Toronto when the war was declared, the calling out of the troops, the transportation of the Queen's Own and Grenadiers to the Niagara frontier, the battles there, the relief of the retreating militia by the Black Watch, and the close of the war, are all graphically described. It is a book which every Torontonian will read with interest, the little love story adding life and sentiment to it. It is eminently patriotic and well written. The author has a very pleasant narrative style, and shows himself to be thoroughly conversant with the history of Canada and the feeling of our people.

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With the opening of both Parliaments, and the incoming of a new Council in Toronto, I desire to suggest a reform which recent extravagances proclaim to be absolutely necessary: that superannuation funds, bonuses for extra work and all other incentives to improvidence on the part of public servants be abolished. I believe in pensioning disabled and veteran soldiers and providing for the families of those men who have lost their health or their lives in the service of the city or country, because neither soldier, policeman nor firemen has pay enough to provide against the proverbial "rainy day," but I do not believe that messengers, clerks, or officials of any kind, high or low, have any right to an assured future outside of what they can provide for themselves by energy, ability and frugality. The country is well supplied with provident societies of all sorts, mutual benefit associations and insurance companies, and if civil servants do not profit by the advantages they offer it is their own fault, and they deserve no sympathy or financial assistance from the country which has paid them well and treated them with more indulgence than they would have received from any private employer. At one time in the history of nations old retainers and faithful servants who had been paid but a pittance and had no opportunities for providing for their future, had a right to look to the paternal government of the time for assistance in their old age, but in the changed circumstances of the day, the improved opportunities for remunerative efforts outside of their office and the increased pay they receive, this sort of thing has become not only an absurdity but the cause of corrupt indifference to their tasks and an incentive to laziness and extravagance. The expiring hours of Toronto councils are always marked by indefensible bonus grabs of some sort. Old men who have wasted their money in speculation or have been unfortunate in their confidences are a moving sight and touch the sympathies, but no alderman should permit his sympathies to be moved to any greater extent than his personal pocket will satisfy. Aldermen and members of Parliament have no right to be sympathetic with other people's money; but even the element of natural sympathy is lacking in some of the donations made to the civic employes, who are already well paid and have no reason for asking that their salaries shall be supplemented. As a rule they accomplish their improper purpose by toadying and leg-hugging the aldermen. It should be stopped. It is ruining the City Hall service, ruining men by teaching them to abandon the self-respect which forbids begging, and it is begetting a personal familiarity akin to conspiracy between the city servants and the men elected by the people to guard the public treasury.

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In the Dominion service the condition of affairs is still more serious. We scorn the methods of our Yankee neighbors who go upon the principle that to the "victors belong the spoils," but in some respects our system is worse than theirs. When President Harrison is inaugurated he will bounce the Democrats and give the offices to the Republicans. I freely admit that if I were in his place I would do the same for reasons I have sec forth in these columns before. In Canada when we want an office for our friends we are confronted by an established usage which amounts almost to a law that we must not take an office from a man except for a cause. Now the victors propose to have offices with which to reward their friends and the only way to get them is to kick out a few officials on trumped up charges, and superannuate enough others to provide the hungriest of the office-hunting hogs an opportunity of getting their front feet into the trough. Which is worse, to dismiss men to make offices for our friends without increasing the public expense or to pension them by the hundred so as to make room for those whose squealing has become intolerable? In the latter case we are saddled with two sets of officials; in the former with only one outfit who are well satisfied to take their chances of getting bounced when the country has ceased to have confidence in their party. Do away with the superannuating iniquity and our system would be immeasurably superior to that of our neighbors or at least as much superior as our goodness and purity are in advance of theirs. Under our present system we are paying an army of pensioners, not because they are too old to work, but because their places were wanted. I know of no country where the political hog gets his snout and all four feet into the public trough in more effectual shape than he does in Canada, and even then he is not satisfied until he is promised a pension of unlimited corn and oceans of swill for the rest of his life. The aspiring statesmen who hold down seats in the Dominion parliament will have a chance to immortalize themselves by attacking and killing the civil service superannuation octopus, while in Ontario our municipal law should be so amended as to make it illegal to give any public servant a bonus or pension unless he has lost his life, limb or health in endeavoring to save the property of the people or the lives of the citizens.

DON.

Society.

The past has been the busiest week in the present season for the gay world; but it has been very far from approaching to many weeks last year. On Tuesday a young and popular bachelor gave a most charming little dance, and on Thursday many of the dancing world were at Mrs. Lockhart's house on College avenue. Each night there have been several dinner-parties of the usual kind, while on three nights, at least, there have been large dinners where the guests were comparatively juvenile—affairs which have been appropriately christened "beauty dinners," and which have become so much more common this year than last, and last year than the year before or any recent winter.

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Mr. Justice Morgan's house on Lowther avenue is a large one, but every available inch of it was required to accommodate his and Mrs. Morgan's many guests last week. Until eleven o'clock there seemed to be plenty of room, but at that hour the previously large throng was swelled by the arrival of a large contingent of diners-out, and for the next hour and a half, until some of the less keen among the devotees of the waltz began to take their departure, it was rather difficult to make one's way through hall-room and corridors. Mrs. Morgan had evidently devoted much time to her floor, and the result was as good as could be desired. The Italian band seemed to me to have greatly improved their tone and played really well, still there is no denying that we have one quadrille band in town of which the music for dancing purposes is better still. As regards the *personnel* of this most enjoyable ball, one could not help seeing that there were gaps both in the ranks of dancing men and hall-room belles; still these gaps were few. Much of the beauty, without which no Toronto dance is complete, shone as it always does. The arrangements for supper were of the very best. A whole suite of rooms in the top story were devoted to this important meal, so that it was seldom difficult to find convenient seats for two. A portion of the guests stayed very late indeed, and declared, as people always do, that the last three or four dances were worth all the rest of the evening. The lapse of some time has obliterated many names from my memory, but some of those I remember were Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. T. C. Patteson, the Misses Shanly, Mrs. Shanly, Miss Mabel Heward, Mr. Stephen Heward, Mr. Gamble Geddes, Miss Stewart, Mr. Grant Stewart, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Armour, Mrs. Bain, the Misses Burton, Mr. George Burton, Mr. Ramsay, Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. Edward Jones, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Foy, Miss Williams, Mr. Williams, R. E., Miss Dawson, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Fox.

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Society is this week mourning another important departure. The contingent of popular Toronto families on the other side of the Atlantic is so large this winter that a dance for Toronto people only, or perhaps a dinner, so as to include the seniors, held, say in Italy, so that people would come from Africa as well as Europe, would be quite a success. But, to return to our muttons: the wanderers from home this week were Mrs. Edward Jones, Mrs. Wynn, Miss Jones, and Messrs. Edward and Gordon Jones. On Sunday Mrs. and Miss Jones held a *levee* of intimate friends, and on Monday, their reception day, these ladies' house was crowded with leave-takers, both fair and stern. On Thursday many friends went to the Union station to see theparty off, and this morning they leave New York in a steamer of the French line on the first stage of their long journey to Cairo. According to their present plans, in May they will be home again. Few entertainments are more popular than the many that take place at 212 Church street, so Mrs. Jones and her family will be much missed.

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Rumors for a long time current of a dance at Mrs. Stephen Heward's. Mrs. Heward's cards are out for a ball on January 30. Thus will the old house on Peter street have its new clothing warmed, and that Wednesday at the end of the month will be a red letter day in the annals of society.

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Mr. Arthur Burton of England, a nephew of the Hon. Mr. Justice Burton, and who is now residing at Hamilton, has of late been the guest of his uncle and Mrs. Burton on Wellington street.

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Mr. George Pyne of Cornwall, England, is staying with friends in Toronto. Mr. Pyne leaves early next week by the C. P. R. to Vancouver, whence he sails for Japan.

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Miss Castle of Cobourg is staying with Mrs. Crowther on Huntley street.

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Mr. George Michie's dance on Tuesday was a most successful affair. Mr. Michie's house on John street is not a large one but he had, very sensibly, rigorously kept down his list of guests and the forty or fifty present were just sufficient to fill the house without allowing of any of the discomforts which all dancing people have experienced from overcrowding. The floor was all that could be desired. Mr. Corlett's band was in good form as always. The requirements of those who like a cozy room and luxurious arm chair even better than the actual dance, had been well attended to. Except that some ladies of those whose presence can at any time be least dispensed with came rather late, thus causing some havoc in programmes already filled up, there was nothing to mar the harmony of the evening. Miss Michie, a *debutante*, whose advent when she is really in the running, will be warmly welcomed, did the honors with her brother, and looked well in a pretty frock of cream-colored silk. Mrs. George Torrance looked her best in blue, and so did Miss Eudie Hugel in black and scarlet. Amongst others present were Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Foy, Miss Thorburn, Miss Langmuir, Mr. McLennan, Mr. William Spratt, Miss Parsons, Miss Buntin, Mr. Fox, Mr. Dugald McMurchy, Mr. John Haye, Miss Fraser of Detroit, Mrs. Bain in a charming dress of white silk, Miss Castle of Cobourg, Miss Hawke, Mr. George Burton.

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It is said that a high-church clergyman of the Church of England, whose cure has been in a place some hundreds of miles to the north west of Toronto, and who, a few years ago, wedded a star amongst Toronto belles, is before long coming back here. It is also reported that this gentleman will leave the church and try his hand at private banking. From the pulpit to the private banker's chair is rather a long step; but there is no reason why he should not now practise what he has formerly preached.

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Miss Campbell continues to improve slowly. She is said to be very weak still, and the difficulty which her doctors find in getting her to take sufficient sustenance, causes them considerable anxiety.

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Mr. and Mrs. Thornton of Liverpool, England, have spent the last week here, and leave to-day to stay with friends in Buffalo.

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Mr. Charles Anderson of Dublin has been staying with relations in town, and has succeeded in ingratiating himself with the many people he met, after the manner of his countrymen.

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Mr. Henry Watson of New York is another visitor whose departure society will be sorry to witness next Monday.

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Mr. Kenneth Cameron of the 92d Highlanders (what the regiment is officially called now I don't know) arrived from England this week to spend a portion of his leave here. It is some three years since Mr. Cameron saw his native city.

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The opera company who have been playing at the Grand this week have drawn uniformly good houses; and though it has been a busy week for ultra-fashionables, all these have been able to give at least one night to playgoing. On Monday night Il Trovatore was enjoyed by a very smart audience. The boxes were all filled, and the house looked its best accordingly. Messrs. Harry Gamble and Tilley gave a theater party, and their guests were not the least attractive part of the show. Some of those opera-goers whose names I can recall were Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Miss Hugel, Miss Jones, the Messrs. Gordon and Edward Jones, Mr. Gamble Geddes, the Messrs. Moffatt, Mr. Anderson of Ireland, Miss Myeroft, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Miss Monahan, Miss Hodgins, Mrs. Hodgins, Mr. Fox, Mrs. McLennan, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Grant Stewart.

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A letter from Ottawa describes the dramatic performance by some of the Governor-General's family and suite as the best amateur play the writer had ever seen. Captain Bagot is described as a finished actor, and Mrs. Bagot, Mrs. Colville, and Miss Lister as being quite beyond the usual amateur standard. The whole performance, my correspondent says, would have disgraced no professional company. Might not these ladies and gentlemen be persuaded to go on tour as far as Toronto. They might play for some one of the deserving charities either of this place or of Ottawa; the thing would be quite a novelty, and would be bound to go down.

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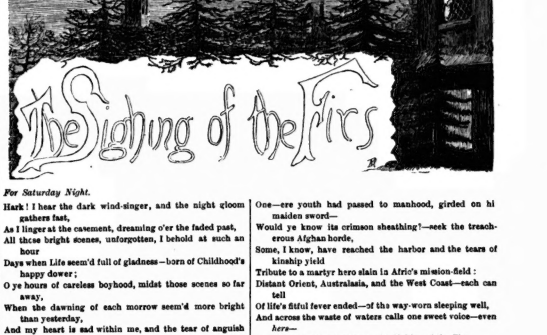
The list of patronesses and stewards for the



For Saturday Night.

Hark! I hear the dark wind-singer, and the night gloom gathers fast,
As I linger at the casement, dreaming o'er the faded past,
All those bright scenes, unforgotten, I behold at such an hour
Days when Life seem'd full of gladness—born of Childhood's happy dower;
O ye hours of careless boyhood, midst those scenes so far away,
When the dawning of each morrow seem'd more bright than yesterday,
And my heart is sad within me, and the tear of anguish blurs
As I listen in the gloaming to the Sighing of the Firs.

Where are all the bygone faces? they whom I have loved and known,
Do the sons of men still greet them? or has Nature claimed her own?
Do they tread the paths of travail? or do now their saintly eyes
Gaze in rapture, midst the ransom'd, on the vales of Paradise
Where are never tears nor sadness—where the storm-blast never lowers
O'er the white-robed ones whose vision is of other kind than ours?
This the thought that steals upon me, this the chord of sadness stirs
As I listen in the gloaming to the Sighing of the Firs.

One—ere youth had passed to manhood, girded on hi maiden sword—
Would ye know its crimson sheathing?—seek the treacherous Afghan horde,
Some, I know, have reached the harbor and the tears of kinship yield
Tribute to a martyr hero slain in Afric's mission-field:
Distant Orient, Australasia, and the West Coast—each can tell
Of life's fitful fever ended—of the way-worn sleeping well,
And across the waste of waters calls one sweet voice—even here—
As I listen in the gloaming to the Sighing of the Firs.

From the peaceful halls of Silence, whence pale mortals shrink aghast,
Comes to me a vision saintly of the long departed past,
She, who through long years has slumbered 'neath a cloister'd southern pile,
Surely I can hear those accents, surely view her pensive smile;
Take me! gentlest, best of Mothers! lead me once more by the hand,
As in Childhood's days you led me—nearer to the Better Land!
Oh! it may be idle dreaming, and mayhap fond fancy errs,
Yet I catch one glimpse of Heaven in the Sighing of the Firs.

H. K. COCKIN.

grand calico charity ball, to be held at the beginning of next month at the Pavilion, must by this time be one of imposing length. It is, in fact, the exception to meet anybody who is not booked in one capacity or the other. For the sake of the charity, I hope that all these officials will not be on the free list of the ball.

*

Those enterprising people who a month ago went all the way to Montreal to be present at the performance of Coquelin the elder, are perhaps rather regretting their enthusiasm, now that it is known that the great actor is to come here in March. Far distant though it is, the visit of the first comedian of his age, and of Jane Hading, second only to Sarah Bernhardt on the French stage, is a frequent topic of conversation.

*

Mr. John Morrow had to make a slight alteration in the arrangements of his proposed skating and supper party at the Victoria Rink on Wednesday. Torrents of rain were a drawback to skating, but not to supper. Before the meal, Mr. Morrow's guests were on view at the theatre instead of at the rink; and thus were spared many a fall. If only it were a bit nearer to our play houses, what a grand place this new Victoria club would be for those delightful suppers after the play.

*

At Mr. and Mrs. Cattenach's dinner party, on Wednesday, beauty abounded. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Mabel Heward, Miss Williams, Mr. Williams, R. E., Mr. Edin Heward, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Cronyn, Mr. Thomas, Miss Robinson, Mr. Fox, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. Tilley, Mrs. Fitzgibbons, Miss McCarthy, Mr. Shanly.

*

As I walked over the Howard street bridge last Saturday afternoon to attend a reception in Rosedale my thoughts went back twelve or fifteen years to the time when on just such an occasion as the present, carriage after carriage filled with young men and maidens, old men and matrons wended their way to the house of the man who then owned nearly all this most beautiful of Toronto's suburbs, and amidst music, dance, and song passed many hours away, the gracious and graceful hostess being by no means the smallest contributor to the afternoon's enjoyment. Now everything has changed. The lands and houses owned by them now know them no more. And even the bridge that both the Rosedale residents and the citizens of Toronto do not scruple to make use of, and for which he asks tardy compensation, is being fought and wrangled over by Mayor and aldermen. Such is life.

*

Last Saturday was one of the brightest and best of the season. Miss Louey Livingstone's five o'clock tea was well attended, and certainly the brightness without was well reflected within, for seldom does a merrier lot of young people assemble. The young mistress was ably assisted in her duties by her two elder sisters and Miss Maggie Thomson. As the place was crowded and people kept coming and going I had little chance to notice but few of the many guests. Noticeable among these were: Miss Kitty Scott, Miss Birdie Macdougall, Miss Tootie Heward, Miss Staunton, Miss Bailey Smith, the Misses Mabel and Edna Lee, Mr. Willie Smith, Mr. Gordon Heward, Mr. George Mitchell, Messrs. Walter and Bruce Thomson, Mr. Hooper, Mr. Percy Scholfield, Mr. Jack Johnston, Mr. Frank Lillie, Mr. Ed. Bailey, Messrs. Walter and Harry Parsons.

*

The Misses Edna and Mabel Lee of Jarvis street are to have five o'clock tea this afternoon.

*

Miss Birdie Macdougall of Charles street had a few of her friends to spend Friday evening.

*

Miss Millie Lillie gave five o'clock tea to her young friends last Friday, and Miss Connie Kerr followed suit by giving one the following evening.

*

Mrs. George Badgerow's At Home of last Tuesday came off very successfully. The dancing was perfection. Some of those present were: The Misses Buchan, Miss Florence Ellis, Miss Horrocks, Miss Lightburn, Miss Jakes, Miss Hoskins, Miss Birdie Macdougall, the Misses Hedley, Miss Lefroy, Miss Linton, the Misses Thompson, Miss Mulholland, Miss Symons, Miss Orr, Miss Powell, Mr. Bunting, Dr. Acheson, Mr. Pelham Edgar, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Rykert, Mr. Mulholland, Mr. and the Misses Maull, Mr. Lefroy, Mr. Fitzgibbon, Mr. Hirschfelder, Mr. Hillary, Mr. Harry Jones, Mr. Buchan and Mr. Hedley.

*

We are glad to see Mr. Gordon Heward out again. It will be remembered that he was badly bitten three weeks ago by one of his father's dogs. He went out about midnight to stop their noise. They "treed" a cat, when one of the dogs flew at him and bit him in the hand and arm, inflicting severe wounds; and it was only after choking the dog that he was able to make it desist.

*

Miss Mabel Wright of Ross street had a small dance at her house on Friday, January 18.

*

Would some one tell me why we have so little solo singing in the Cathedral? We have one of the best choir-masters in Toronto—I might say in Canada—and they have good voices there, for I attended on Christmas day and was particularly pleased. I think, by the way, an organ-maker should be engaged to fix up the old instrument until the new one is ready for use, and not have the thing giving out the way it does.

*

The Misses Kate and Harriet Gabler of Beeton are staying with their uncle, Dr. Geikie, on Maitland street.

*

Mrs. J. P. Aikins of Winnipeg and her sister, Miss Colby of Stanstead, daughter of C. C. Colby, M. P., are spending a few weeks in the city. They are guests of Mrs. Aikins of Wellesley street.

*

The Free Masons of St. Andrew's Lodge will give one of their delightful "At Homes" in their hall, Toronto street, next Friday night. Mr. W. B. McMurrich is chairman of committee.

*

The lady managers of the Girl's Home have their annual meeting on Wednesday, Jan. 25, and will be glad to see the subscribers to the institution present. Miss Hettie E. Hamilton is Secretary.

*

Mrs. W. H. Beatty of The Oaks, Queen's Park, gave a large party on Wednesday night. There were about 200 present.

*

Mrs. Reginald Northcote of Huron street will give a card party to-night (Saturday).

*

The young people's party given by Mrs. W. K. McNaught, on Friday evening last, at her residence, 88 Carlton street, was a most enjoyable affair. More than fifty guests partook of the hospitality of the hostess, and were sorry when the hour of midnight gave the signal for departure. Besides dancing and other amusements, the pleasure of the evening was heightened by some choice vocal selections by Miss Maggie Campbell, and violin solos by Mr. Harvey McNaught. The hostess was assisted in her duties by her sister, Miss Lugsdin, and Mrs. Buchanan, both of whom contributed in no small measure to the success of the entertainment. The following were among the guests present: Mr. L. Thomas, Miss May Davison, Mr. Howard Lugsdin, Miss Amy Howitt, Mr. Clarence Booth, Miss Daisy Shuttleworth, Mr. Harry Beemer, Miss Flora Shuttleworth, Miss Nina Stanley, Mr. Harry Powell, Miss Lizzie King, Mr. Fred Beemer, Miss Maud Stockwell, Mr. Harry Lugsdin, Miss Maud McNaught, Miss Rosa Henderson, Miss Lila Shaw, Mr. Arthur Smith, Miss Minnie Davison, Mr. W. Pearsall, Miss Grace Davison, Mr. Laurance Lugsdin, Miss Estelle Adams, Mr. Cleveland Hall, Mr. Charles Hall, Miss Muriel Lailey, Mr. William Davison, Misses Ella and Ida Lugsdin, Mr. Arnold Joy, Miss Fanny Coleman, Mr. John Gibbons, Miss Clara Coleman, Miss Maggie Campbell, Mr. Herbert Davis, Mr. Willie Lillie and Miss Clara Lugsdin.

*

Boston Girl—Uncle Gawge, do you think my photographs do me justice?"

Uncle Gawge (critically)—Yes, Emeline; justice without mercy.

The Minuet's Revival.

The dancing masters have gone to the shelf where the musty relics of the last century are stored to get a novelty for this season's entertainment. They have brought out from its hiding-place the old-fashioned minuet which disappeared with our great-grandfathers, and have dressed it up for us in the ball-rooms and parlors of to-day. They have not done this because of their inability to invent new figures or vary the old ones and put a new name upon them, but because there has been a popular demand for the minuet. It promises now to become in the course of two or three seasons the most popular dance for the better class of parties. There is reason for congratulation in this movement, for the minuet is one of the most artistic dances ever invented, and there is no better ground for laying it aside than there would be for musicians to give up writing sonatas or for sculptors to stop carving Roman deities.

The minuet went out of fashion as a sacrifice to the passion for novelties, and in the growth of the waltz, which became universally popular and admired, it was entirely forgotten, and probably would have disappeared altogether from the world if it had not been for the theater. There are several classical plays in which the minuet figures as a bit of stage spectacle. In spite, however, of the admirable beauty of the dance and the interest it always arouses in the spectators, it is very frequently the case that it is omitted in the performance of plays of which it was originally a feature. This fact shows more strikingly than any other the narrow escape the minuet has had from sinking into

FIRST ATTITUDE.

oblivion, for it is a part of the actor's business to learn fancy and society dancing, and the one reason why the minuet is omitted in the performance of plays is because the actors do not know how to dance it. There have been, however, a few artists who have studied it and thus kept it alive.

Yet it might never have taken a hold upon the popular interest had it not been for the comic opera Erminie. It will be remembered that one of the most striking incidents in that opera is a minuet danced by the entire principals of the opera. It was not that the Erminie people danced it so well, although their performance was excellent, as that the opera had such a long run that the spectators grew to be fond of the minuet and to long to dance it themselves. This may be speculation, but it is a fact that after Erminie had been on the boards for several months the dancing masters received more applications than they ever had before from pupils who wanted to learn the minuet. These applications have been increasing steadily since then, until now the best teachers are placing it upon their curriculum of studies, and nearly all of them look forward to seeing it resume its old-fashioned place in the list of social entertainments.

Until this winter the minuet has been regarded by the dancing masters as a fancy dance, and it has been frequently difficult to teach it properly because it is a dance that requires two persons, and as a rule there has been but one pupil at a time in a school. Thus it happened, naturally enough, that many of the pupils of the minuet to-day are the dancing masters themselves, who are obliged to perfect themselves in it in order to supply the demand of their patrons. It is usually taught by ladies, because the movements of ladies in the dance are of very great importance, and make by far the most picturesque features of it.

THE BOW.

The writer wandered into an up-town academy a few days ago and found that a lady teacher, who was at one time a famous ballet dancer, was taking advantage of the absence of pupils at that hour to instruct one of the waltz teachers in a minuet. For at least half an hour they courtesied to each other and looked up at the ceiling and put out their feet and swayed about the empty room, and the lady was chattering all the time to her pupil and to the writer in explanation of the various movements through which she was putting him.

"The first thing," she said, "that a lady has to learn is to hold the skirts of her dress. In the beginning of the minuet she must take her overskirt with both hands, just clutching the edge of the garment with the tips of the fingers and raise it from the floor about as high as

HOW TO HOLD THE SKIRTS.

the tips of her boots. Then standing squarely upon both feet she is in the first attitude of the minuet. Following that comes the bow, which is a most difficult accomplishment. I think it quite likely that one of the reasons why the minuet went out of favor was the very considerable degree of skill which is required to dance it properly. It is even easier to learn to become a first rate waltzer than an indifferent minuetist, if I can use the word. The bow is made by drawing the right foot back and placing the toe upon the floor and bending the whole weight of the body back upon it and keeping the left foot square down upon the floor. The lady should sink herself as far as possible without losing her balance. As she goes down, the heel of the left foot may come slowly off from the floor, but the heel of the right foot must not touch it. It is an exceedingly trying movement until one has mastered it, and it takes not only muscle but some nerve to keep the equilibrium. In this movement the lady must not take her hands from her skirts, her eyes must be directed slightly upward, and her head should not bow forward. It should rather turn a little bit in the direction of the eyes. The movement must be made very slowly and the recovery executed with equal deliberation.

"The gentleman's bow during this interesting process is of a similar nature. It consists in laying his hand upon his heart and bending forward very low. Partners should recover at the same moment. There is another old dance somewhat similar to the minuet in its measured etiquette, and that is the pavane. In that the lady's bow is very similar to the one in the minuet, the difference being that she inclines her head forward and looks down upon the ground. It sometimes is a harder thing to prevent ladies from looking upon the ground than to teach them to keep their balance upon their toes. I remember when I was studying the ballet in Paris, that the teacher was always crying out: 'Come, ladies, are you looking for pins upon the floor?' The novice, you see, is always in terror about her feet, and apparently wants to look down to see if they are all right. As a matter of fact, the balance can be much better preserved by looking upward, and it is a much more graceful way of doing it.

A SPANISH MOVEMENT.

"In minuet and fancy dancing it is as necessary to train the arms as it is the legs. Nearly all the old-fashioned dances employed arm gestures for effect, and it requires a deal of patience to learn to use the arms gracefully. One rule lies at the base of all arm movements, and that is never to make a gesture in such a way that the dancer's face shall be concealed from her partner, if she is dancing in society, or from the audience, if she is dancing in public. I will illustrate that by a movement which I introduce into the minuet as I teach it. I call it the Spanish."

The lady who had all this time been pulling the waltz teacher this way and that, and showing him how to hold his arms, made him stand beside her, and they faced the writer. The lady with her right hand grasping her skirts in the way she had indicated, took the gentleman's right hand, and, swinging her body upon her hips away from him, raised her hand until she had brought it over the back of her head. Then she looked with an engaging smile at a crack in the ceiling, while the gentleman, his right hand extended as indicated and his left at his side, swung about in the other direction, and looked gravely at the ceiling upon the other side of the room. After maintaining this pose for a moment, or, if it had been in actual dancing, until a certain measure of music had been played, they slowly changed this position by swinging their bodies around toward

THE LAST OF IT.

each other, at the same time never moving their feet, until they were looking directly into each other's eyes. This completed the movement, and a very graceful one it was, too.

"If you write anything about the minuet," said the graduate of the ballet, "don't forget to say that at no moment of the dance should the lady take both hands from her skirts. As in the figure I have just shown you, it is sometimes necessary to use one hand for other purposes, but just the edge of the front skirt should be raised at all times."—*New York Sun.*

Art and Artists.

The members of the Toronto Art Students' League, on the invitation of Mr. Bain, the librarian, spent a pleasant evening at the Public Library recently inspecting the art treasures and works on art which have been collected there. The architects have also had an evening at the Library recently. These meetings give the artists an opportunity of seeing the works on art which the Library contains, and the nature of these works. Mr. Bain states that ere long he intends to have more perfect arrangements, whereby these volumes, some of them too ponderous to be taken out, can be studied and utilized by the artists in their respective lines.

•

Our art community this winter is even smaller than it was last year. Mr. and Mrs. Reid are in Paris, where Mr. Reid is studying with Constan. Rumor has it that Mr. Parker Newton is doing well in New York. Mr. Newton spent the summer studying the landscape on the rugged shores of the Georgian Bay. Mr. A. D. Patterson is still in England. He has had a fine engraving of his painting of Sir John A. Macdonald made by English engravers, and I am told Her Majesty was graciously pleased to receive a copy thereof.

•

I am pleased to hear that Mr. Homer Watson, the well-known landscape artist, has succeeded in getting a picture into the Suffolk street gallery. His work is favorably mentioned by the critics.

•

It was proposed at a recent meeting of the Academy to erect a temporary structure on their lot at the corner of Victoria street and Wilton avenue, which could be used for exhibition purposes until their permanent building is ready. No action was taken on the proposal at the meeting.

•

I was unable to mention the At Home of the Associated Artists last week. The work exhibited was much admired by the large number of people who called on the Artists, and, judged critically, gave evidence of training which aims at something more than mere superficial daubing.

•

I called at the studio of Mr. O'Brien the other day to see the results of his season's work before their removal to Montreal. Last summer Mr. O'Brien again invaded the stupendous scenery of the Rockies, and all his paintings are scenes on the Pacific slope. He has very successfully caught the grandeur of the landscapes where the Rockies dip into the Pacific, and where the sea extends its sinuous arms into the gorges of the mountains. Mr. O'Brien's studio will be open to the public on Saturday afternoons and on January 25 and 26. VAN.

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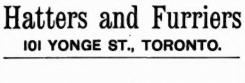

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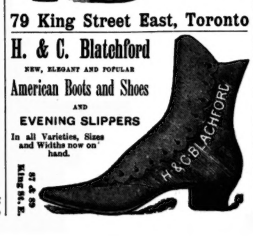

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SPECIAL TERMS ALL THIS WEEK.

The Day Will Come.

By a misunderstanding with Miss Braddon's publishers in England we began the publication of The Day Will Come a couple of weeks in advance of the time they had arranged with other newspapers. The mistake was not on our part, but at a considerable sacrifice to ourselves we have agreed to refrain from publishing it until January 25. This will make no material difference to our readers, as a synopsis of the first chapters will be given so that all may start in again with a thorough recollection of the incidents and plot. It is seldom we ask the indulgence of our readers in a matter of this kind, and we beg to again remind you that it is not our fault but that of a big publishing house, which has somehow got its arrangements mixed up, and everyone will see how important it is that all the papers publishing this serial in England, the United States and Canada should begin together. SATURDAY NIGHT has the Canadian copyright, and does not wish to be the odd one in the list.—ED.

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON.

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"HAZEL, DO YOU—WILL YOU LOVE ME?"

While Hazel and her mother had been absorbed in each other up stairs, Lord Nelson and his grandmother discussed the romantic ending of what had seemed likely to prove a very unhappy affair for Hazel.

"It is the most wonderful thing that I ever heard of! Just to think of her being Emelie Earlescourt's child!" said the duchess, hardly able to realize it even then.

"It is indeed, a strange story from beginning to end," Lord Nelson replied. "Mrs. Earles court's history is a very romantic one, and Miss Graham's scarcely less so, young as she is."

"I can account now for Hazel's natural grace and refinement; with such a mother she could have been nothing less than she is. There are few women in the world like Emelie," said her grace, thoughtfully.

"That is very true," returned her grandson, "and I have felt from the first that Hazel's parentage must be above criticism. I suppose, now, your grace will be willing to release me from the promise that I made you the day that I brought her here," he concluded, eagerly, and with heightened color.

Her grace laughed softly.

"If I do not, I am pretty sure that you will perjure yourself and break it; so it would only be politic to win your praise for my leniency, and preserve your conscience pure," she playfully responded; then added, more seriously, "On the whole, my son, I could not be better pleased than to have you make a daughter of Emelie Earlescourt the future Duchess of Jersey, and Hazel herself has become very dear to me during the few weeks of her stay with us. Go and win her if you can."

Lord Nelson bent and kissed his grandmother's hand with reverent gratitude, while his face was flushed and his eyes shining with deep joy when he raised his head again.

So it was with this conversation in remembrance that he had enticed Hazel away to the veranda after lunch, determined to put his fate to the test before her mother should bear her away to her future home in London.

He found a cozy corner for her, where she would be shielded from the sun, and where the breeze would not strike her unpleasantly, and make her lie back in a lounging-chair where she could look out over the sea and watch the incoming steamer.

Then he drew a chair for himself near her, so that he could feast his eyes upon every changing expression of her beautiful face.

"Take your fill of the sea this afternoon, for you will soon leave it," Mona Vane had judge, Miss Graham. How strange it sounds to address you thus!

"Indeed it does," returned Hazel, smiling. "I hardly recognized myself when I hear the name; but I suppose I shall soon become accustomed to the change. At all events, I am very glad to know just what I have a right to be called."

"Then you have had your doubts regarding the name you have borne hitherto."

"I have, truly; I have never felt sure that anything but 'Hazel' belonged to me—Gay had a very uncertain sound in my ears," she replied.

"Hazel is a very pretty name, and somehow it seems just suited to you," Lord Nelson remarked, his eyes lingering upon her fair face.

"You mean, perhaps, when it is preceded by 'Witch,'" she retorted, roguishly.

"No, indeed! I was not thinking of that sobriquet at all," he protested.

"How then?" she asked.

"I do not know as I can explain it clearly," he returned. "Perhaps it is some charm in the grouping of the letters that exactly suits the charm of your manner."

Hazel looked up, giving her head a saucy little toss.

"Oh, Lord Hartwell! what barefaced flattery! I would not have believed it of you," she said, merrily.

"Do not accuse me of that," his lordship began, eagerly, but Hazel laughingly went on:

"See how differently different people judge! My mother has just been telling me that when I was a little child I was as mischievous as a young monkey, and that my name by rights fairly gave me that suggestive prefix. Percy, too, would tell you that was the only proper reason for the use of the name, but I believe he and I know what a trial I have been to him by my erratic moods and movements in years past."

"You are a be-witch-ing Hazel at all events," said Lord Nelson, looking admiringly into her dancing eyes, and joining in her merry laugh. "But," he added, inwardly feeling a trifle annoyed, "it does not seem natural to hear you speak of Dr. Morton as 'Percy.'"

Hazel flushed.

"I feel very sorry. I was very foolish ever to pretend that he was a stranger to me," she humbly faltered. "It was not kind or just either to Percy, who has always been very good to me."

Lord Nelson wished that the young physician had not been quite so "good" to her, if the memory of it was always going to bring such a tender look and lovely color into her fair face.

"Did you really enjoy your life upon that island? were you not sometimes lonely and unhappy?" he asked, to change the subject.

"No. If it was lonely—and I suppose most people would have considered it so—I did not realize it. I loved the sea, I loved the grand old light that every night flashed out its friendly gleams to tell passing vessels where danger lay; I loved the little house nestling so cozily in its shadow, where everybody was so kind to me, and I was very happy there," Hazel said smilingly, and with a tender light on her young face as she recalled those early childhood days.

"That was because you knew no other kind of life, said his lordship. "You would hardly like to go back there to pass your future."

"No," Hazel answered, thoughtfully. "I am afraid the charm of the place would be gone; still, I cling most fondly to those old time memories."

"I trust that the future will have more charm for you than the past contains—that you will be even happier than when you dwelt on that island in the sea, a joyous, care-free child. I would I might contribute something toward such a result," said the young man, earnestly.

"Oh, Lord Hartwell, you have already done so much!" Hazel cried, gratefully, and lifting a frank, appreciative look to him, "you have been very good to me; but for you I fear that I should never have known the exceeding joy of this day, while all my life I shall love her grace, your grandmother, who has been like a dear mother to me also."

Lord Nelson bent eagerly toward her.

"You love her, you say," he began. "Miss Graham—Hazel, I would give a great deal to win a like expression of affection from you one-half as strong as that you love you, my darling, with the first great love of my life. All these weeks, since you came to us, you have been weaving a spell about me, and I have longed to lay my heart, my life, and all that it holds, at your feet. Will you accept the offering, my beloved? will you give yourself to me in return, and promise to brighten my future with your presence in my home?"

Hazel sat speechless and frozen before him. She had not dreamed of receiving such a declaration from him. She had regarded him only in the light of a kind and genial friend who, at first, had tried to make life a little pleasanter for a poor governess, and who, later, had desired to help and comfort her in her trouble and friendlessness. She had accepted his attentions and his sympathy frankly and gratefully, without suspecting they were the forerunner of more tender sentiments.

She threw out her hands in a pained, appealing gesture. He seized them in his own, his heart sinking with a sudden fear as he caught sight of her pain-filled face.

"Hazel—tell me—do you, will you love me?" he pleaded.

"Oh, Lord Hartwell! what made you do this? I never suspected—I cannot," she faltered, her voice dying away in an agonized tone.

"You never suspected it?" he repeated, catching at a ray of hope, "I have taken you wholly by surprise, and you need time to realize it! Dear, you shall have all the time you will, if you might have waited but I could not bear to let you go without a gleam of hope to cheer me when you are gone."

"No—no! I cannot give it you; forgive me for wounding you so," she continued, with almost a sob as she saw the look of despair that overspread his fair face. "I know that I owe you a great deal but—"

He suddenly dropped her hands, which he had held until now, and straightened himself, all the light and eagerness gone out of his fine face.

"You owe me nothing," he said, in a hollow tone. "If you cannot freely give me your love, there is nothing else I wish. But, oh, Hazel, are you sure?"

"Yes, I am sure," she replied, sadly, but firmly. "I do not love you as you wish—not well enough to be your wife, and my heart tells me that I never can. I grieve to pain you my kind friend, but I know—you know, that truth is best."

Lord Nelson knew that she was speaking only truth—that his suit was hopeless.

He arose and stood before her, white and stiff for a moment, looking down upon her, an inexpressible yearning in his dark eyes.

"It must be as you say, of course," he said; "but, oh, Hazel, I feel almost as if you had dealt me a death-blow."

Again she threw out her fair hands, and the gesture was full of pain.

"Oh, pray, do not say that! I cannot bear it," she pleaded huskily.

"Forgive me," he said, humbly; "I have no right to wound you thus. Forget all that I have said if it gives you pain, but at least grant me the assurance that I have not forfeited your friendship by my rash declaration."

"No, indeed; you never could do that," Hazel breathed, earnestly. "I shall ever regard you as one of my best and truest friends. I can never forget your great kindness to me."

A spasm of agony contracted the young lord's face. This was but poor comfort to him when he had just failed in the dearest purpose of his life.

He made no reply; he could not speak; but reaching down, he again took one of the small hands that he had for a moment before released, and raised it reverently to his lips, then turned abruptly and left her, going swiftly along the veranda, and passing down into the grounds.

Hazel bowed her head upon her folded arms a stifled sob, and sat thus lost in sad musings.

She was not aware of the flight of time; she saw nothing, she was thinking; she scarcely seemed to realize where she was, until a gentle touch upon her bowed head aroused her, when, looking up, she found Percy standing beside her, regarding her with wistful tenderness and perplexity.

The quick blood leaped to her brow as she met his glance.

"What is it, Hazel?" he asked with gentle gravity. "You seem strangely depressed for one to whom such good fortune have come today. What has occurred to trouble you?"

Involuntarily Hazel's eyes turned toward the avenue where she had last seen Lord Nelson, and Percy's glance following here, he saw the young man just disappearing within the boathouse at the other end, an unmistakable air of dejection in all his movements.

"Has his lordship anything to do with it? Have you two been quarreling?" Percy pursued, trying to speak lightly, although his heart was heavy within him.

"Oh, no, not quarreling; but—I—I am afraid that I have hurt him deeply," Hazel answered, tremulously, her head drooping, and tears dropping thick and fast upon the hands that lay clasped upon her lap.

"Why, what can you mean?" his strength suddenly forsaking him at her words, a wild hope taking possession of him.

"My dear Hazel, do you wish to give me your confidence?" he asked. "Do you wish me to understand that you have just rejected Lord Hartwell?"

Hazel bowed assent, a rich crimson suffusing her cheek, brow and even her white neck.

A glad light leaped into Percy Morton's eyes; his heart thrilled with a joy such as he had never known before. If Hazel had refused Lord Nelson Hartwell and the brilliant future which would have been hers as his wife, he believed that he might yet hope to win her, and looking back over the past, a hundred little signs and words and looks, which at the time had seemed meaningless to him, now became full of a fond significance that made his blood leap through his veins, tingling every nerve in his body with sudden ecstasy.

His face flushed, his lips trembled and he leaned eagerly toward her, words of passionate love and pleading quivering upon his tongue.

Then he suddenly checked himself, his color receded, the light died out of his face and all the pride of his nature asserted itself, for all at once he remembered that Hazel was no longer the poor, friendless girl who for years he had shielded and watched with jealous care.

She was now Miss Graham, daughter of the wealthy and aristocratic Mrs. Earlescourt, whom all London honored, while he was but a struggling physician, without even a birthright that he could claim, seeking to make a name and a place in the world for himself.

What business had he to try to win this young girl—who had had to ask her to share his humble station when she was fitted, both by birth and education, to mate with any peer of the realm?

"Were you wise, Hazel? Were you not too hasty, and will you not regret your decision later?" he asked at last, and exercising a strong control over himself.

She lifted a look of frank surprise to him.

"Why should I regret it, Percy, when—when I do not love him?" she questioned.

Again his heart leaped wildly at her words.

"But are you sure that you do not?" he persisted, determined that she should make no mistake for lack of friendly counsel. "It is evident that he cares a great deal for you, and you might learn to regard him with proper affection by and by. It would be a brilliant future for you, Hazel."

A vivid scarlet flamed Hazel's face to hear him thus pleading the cause of another, when she would so gladly have given herself to him if he had asked her.

"Would you advise me to marry Lord Hartwell, Percy, after what I have told you?" she demanded, coldly.

"I—I was trying to think what would be for your best interest," he returned, with some confusion.

"Do you consider it for the best interest of any one to choose a position and a brilliant future instead of a true affection? Will one offset the other in your estimation?" she questioned, with a ring of scorn in her voice.

"No, Hazel, I do not; I only want you to be very sure that you are making no mistake," he answered, gravely.

"I am very sure—I know that I do not love Lord Hartwell," she said, in a low, confident tone.

It required all of Percy's self-control not to snatch her to his breast and pour out all his own love for her, at this assertion.

But he could not make her say aught to commit herself to him, even if he knew that she loved him, without having first consulted her mother, and told her something of his mysterious history, and gained her permission to win her daughter.

"Then I should be the last one to urge you to such a step, Hazel," he said, gently; "and I am sure you need not feel sad nor upbraid yourself for having done the only honorable thing than you could do with reference to Lord Hartwell."

Hazel, arose, looking pale and weary.

"It is getting chilly out here; I think I will go in," she said, coldly, and turning to enter the house.

Just at that moment a man was seen hurrying towards them with all possible speed.

Percy and Hazel both waited to see what he wanted.

"Is Doctor Morton here?" he asked, almost breathless from running.

"Yes. I am Doctor Morton," Percy said.

"Well, you are wanted down at Sir Henry Harwood's place at once. There's a chap there nigh about drowned, and I was told to fetch you as quick as I could."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHARLIE HARWOOD BARELY ESCAPES DEATH.

Percy waited to hear no more, but darting into the house, seized his hat and followed the man, who was already on his way back, while he wondered who his patient could be, and why he, almost a stranger in Brighton, should have been called to him instead of some better known physician.

About an hour previous Charlie Harwood—who had remained in Brighton—had decided to return to London, sleeping at their residence at night and taking his meals at a hotel—went down to the beach for his regular bath in the surf.

He was a fine swimmer, and never from his earliest boyhood had had any fear of the sea; indeed, he seemed almost his native element, so much so at times that he became a trifle careless and ventured out beyond his depth. To day he had felt particularly vigorous; the water was at a delightful temperature, and he remained in it much longer than usual, and went out farther from the shore than he had ever done before.

All at once, to his alarm and dismay, he found his limbs beginning to stiffen, while terrible pains shot through his body. He knew at once he was the victim of that terrible foe—cramps.

He struck out for the shore, but every moment and every exertion only rendered him more helpless.

He shouted for help with all his failing strength, but there was no one on the beach to that vicinity to hear him. He turned his dim eyes out to sea, and threw up his arms in helpless despair. A faint ray of hope animated his breast as he saw, in the distance, a boat evidently hastening to his rescue. The next moment he sank beneath the waves and lost consciousness.

It was a narrow escape for the self-confident young man, and he would doubtless never have opened his eyes again upon the light of day but for a couple of fishermen who were on their way home from a day's sport with hook and line, and who, upon becoming aware of his danger, lent all their energies toward his rescue.

He was in a pitiable plight when they at length rescued him and drew him into their boat.

One of his rescuers was an old sailor of perhaps fifty years, who had been hired for the day for his knowledge of the fishing grounds and his familiarity with the oars; the other was a young man of perhaps twenty-five years.

He was a finely formed fellow, but with a well-shaped head, prepossessing manner and bearing, and would have been regarded handsome but for the stern expression of his face and his strangely cynical curves about his mouth.

"I know him," he said, as he bent over the insensible young man; "he lives yonder," pointing to Sir Henry Harwood's residence, which was directly opposite them.

They rowed with all speed for the shore, and bore their still unconscious burden to the house, which, finding the key in the door, they entered without ceremony.

There was a bed-room on the lower floor, and removing the clothing from the young man, they wrapped him in blankets and put him to bed, while one continued to work over him, and the other went in search of a physician.

A gardener was found at work upon the place, who, knowing that Sir Henry was away at Brighton in connection with the mysterious case of the stolen necklace, went at once to the house of the duchess to summon him, although he did not confide to him who the half drowned individual was until they were out of the hearing of the family, fearing to alarm them.

Percy lost no time in getting to his friend, whom he found in a very critical condition.

A fire was built in the kitchen stove, hot water and heated blankets were applied to the cramped and benumbed form and for half an hour the three men worked as they had never worked before.

Their efforts were at last rewarded, and Charlie Harwood gradually came to himself; but he was not yet out of danger, and Percy commanded that no one relax his diligence. So for another hour they continued their treatment, watching his every breath and movement with no little anxiety.

The old sailor had hardly taken his eyes from the young man's face during all this time, while he had seemed strangely moved, every now and then muttering something unintelligible to all save himself.

The young man at last seemed much better, and fell into a light slumber; but it had not lasted fifteen minutes when he awoke with a restless movement, throwing his arms above his head. As he did this one of his sleeves fell back, revealing some peculiar marks that had evidently been tattooed upon his left wrist.

The moment the old sailor's eyes fell upon them he started to his feet with an exclamation of astonishment.

Percy noticed him in silence, and he at once sank back into his chair; but the sound had arrested Charlie's attention, who now turning to himself, looked into those anxious faces and smiled.

"I'm all right now," he said, reassuringly.

"Yes, I think you are!" Percy affectionately responded, as he stood over him, his fingers upon his pulse, "but, old fellow, you've had a hard pull for it; your constitution isn't rugged enough to stand such violent and long-continued exertion in the water; you have been reared too delicately. If you had been brought up in the midst of the sea as I was, it would be different. I can stand any amount of bathing and swimming."

"Well, he ought to, as well, for he were born on the sea; his father lived on it, and his father afore him," the sailor remarked, and every eye was turned upon him in astonishment, at this startling announcement.

Percy was the first to recover himself.

"You are mistaken, my man," he said. "This young gentleman is the son of Sir Henry Harwood, a noted physician of London."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, for the contradiction; but he ain't," returned the man, with cool assurance. I know what I'm talkin' about, and I can prove it, too. He's the son of Captain William Morton, master of the merchantman Fortuna, that collided with an unknown vessel, some twenty five years ago, in a thick fog, and all on board were lost, save the cook, the boatswain, myself, and the captain's baby—this young chap—then only a few months old."

"Heavens! Morton, what a rigmarole! what does he mean by it all?" cried young Harwood, raising himself upon his elbow, and regarding the man with incredulous amazement.

Percy Morton, however, was deathly pale, for the strange words of the sailor had made a deep impression upon him, carrying something of conviction with them as well.

But he did not wish his friend excited, and so, with a mighty effort at self-control, he said to the sailor:

"My good man, we must keep my patient quiet—he needs sleep. Suppose you step into the other room and I will join you presently."

He gave the man a significant look to warn him against continuing his exciting yarn, and he reluctantly arose to do as he was bidden.

But young Harwood detained him.

"Look here, old fellow, a moment," he said, with his genial smile, "you've certainly made a grand blunder for once in your life; but just tell me, before you go, what made you mistake me for that other chap that you were talking about."

"Ain't worth while, sir, and I reckon it would 'a been better if I'd held my tongue altogether," replied the sailor, with a crestfallen air, for he was beginning to suspect that he had been making mischief for the future.

"No—no; you've done no harm; only let us have your reasons. Truly, I am very curious about the matter," persisted the young man.

"Well, you've got a queer mark on your left arm."

"Yes, that's so. What of it?" and Charlie pulled up his sleeve, again disclosing the strange hieroglyphics in India ink upon its white surface.

"Well, ye know, I've seen something just like it afore," replied the sailor, his eyes riveted upon the design, and speaking in constrained tone, "and naturally I thought ye must be the feller I took ye for."

Charles Harwood looked long and earnestly at those marks upon his arm, his face growing grave and thoughtful meanwhile.

"It is strange!" he muttered at last, half to himself, half to Percy. "I have often wondered how they came there; but my father has told me that they were always there from a little baby, and though they did not look like it, I have always regarded them as a birth-mark."

Percy knew they were not a birth-mark, but his conviction was so strong, making another sign to the sailor to go, the man passed from the room, while his friend, still weak, fell back among his pillows.

"Now you must try to get some sleep," Percy said, "and I shall remain here with you to-night. I will telegraph to your father that I have been detained. It will be best not to alarm him, or your mother, by saying anything of your adventure, since you are doing so well."

"All right. I'm content to be in your hands, so do as you think best," Charlie replied, then he added, thoughtfully: "That's a queer story the sailor told, by the way, did you notice that his captain's name was the same as yours?"

"Yes; but you don't suppose that I am the only Morton in the world, do you?" Percy returned, indifferently. "You're to go to sleep, however, now, and think no more of it or of anything else. If it is necessary we'll discuss the matter later."

He closed the blinds to darken the room, and then went out, leaving the young man alone.

But Charlie could not go to sleep; what he had heard began revolving in his mind until unpleasant suspicions and conjectures began to arise, and he determined to learn more of the sailor's story just as soon as he was able to get about again.

Meanwhile Percy had his own suspicions, and had determined to sift the matter to the bottom.

He had never been able to forget what his supposed grandfather had said to him on his death-bed, how he had craved forgiveness for some long continued deception and for some wrong that he had done him. He still had the little package of clothing, which he had given him at that time, and he had looked at it without suspecting that he was of no kin to the old light-keeper, whom he had been taught to regard as his grandsire, but the son of some other man than William Morton, who had been lost at sea.

The sailor's strange words, upon seeing those marks on the boy's arm, had aroused within him all these suspicions, while they seemed to point to some mystery connected with the birth of the physician's son.

"What was it? It seemed to be a day of revelations! Would it end with the discovery of the secret of his own life?"

He found the old tar and the young gentleman who had assisted in Charlie's rescue conversing together upon the veranda.

"I feel very grateful to you both for this afternoon's work," he said, approaching them and extending a hand to each; "there has been no chance for formal introductions, but, pray, allow me to inquire now to whom we are indebted."

"My name is Osborn," replied the younger of the two men, "and I am only too happy to have been instrumental in the performance of a good deed. It is not often that I do anything that is considered worthy of commendation," he concluded, with a touch of bitterness in his tone.

"And I am Tom Lawson, at your service, sir," said the sailor, doffing his hat and giving a vigorous pull at his forelock. "It were mighty lucky for the young chap in yonder that we were on hand to fish him out in the nick of time, or he'd never see daylight again. Them cramps are 'most always the death of a man when they get a grip on him in the water. Hope I hain't done no mischief, either, with my unlucky tongue, about the wreck of the Fortuna," he concluded, in an apologetic tone.

"I hope not," Percy replied, quietly, then added, "I would like to talk further with you about that matter by and by."

Then turning again to Mr. Osborn, he said cordially:

"Won't you both come in and have some lunch? The family returned to London some time ago, so the mansion is supposed to be rather bare; but I can at least give you some biscuit and a glass of wine to refresh you, after your tiresome exertions."

Mr. Osborn declined this invitation with thanks, saying that he must get back to his hotel where he would soon have dinner, and, after making an appointment with Tom Lawson for another fishing excursion on the following morning, he bade Percy a courteous good-day and departed.

"Now Lawson," Percy said, turning to the sailor a grave, earnest face, "will you kindly tell me more of that story which you so inopportunely began inside? Come, sit down and take your time for it, and when you are through I will open a bottle of wine for you."

"Thank you, sir," the man returned, with another pull at his forelock, while he settled himself in the chair which Percy had drawn forward for him.

"Ye see," he began at once, very willing to spin a yarn to an attentive listener, "I was second mate on board the Fortuna when Bill Morton was first mate. We were good friends then, and he promised me that if ever he got to be cap'n he'd make me first mate, if I'd stick to my duty and do my best. Well, on the very next trip Cap'ain Simon was laid up, and Morton was given the command of the vessel, but he didn't give me the first mate's berth; he put another man in over me, and I was ravin' mad over it. I know now that I wasn't fit for it, for I didn't always mind my post as I'd ought, and the men didn't like nor trust me, I'm sure; but I wouldn't listen to any reason, and vowed I'd have my revenge on Cap'n Bill, if I lived long enough.

"Well, Captain Morton was married soon after, and his wife wouldn't consent to remain on land behind him, so he had a nice little cabin fitted up for her, and she sailed with him on every voyage. A little more'n a year after this they had a boy born to them while we were in a foreign port, and I, in a cargo. He was a fine little feller, and every man on board, except me, was as proud as could be of the ship's baby. I couldn't get over my grudge, and I never took any notice of the little shaver, though I own it did touch a soft spot in my heart to hear him crow, and laugh, and throw out his little hands at the big waves when they ran high.

"Our cruise lasted some nine months, and then, with a valuable cargo on board, we started on our home voyage. Everything was prosperous; we had fine weather, a smooth sea, and we were in high spirits, for most of us remembered ever having had such an easy trip before.

"We were almost in sight of old England when a terrible storm struck us. I tell ye, sir, it were a tough one, but the Fortuna was one of the best built boats ye ever see, and she weathered it beautiful, and we thought all danger was past, when a heavy fog settled down upon us, so dense that we couldn't see even the bow of the ship. The men was runnin' high, which made it worse, and, though we used a great deal of caution, before we knew it we had run smack into another vessel of some kind—what, I never knew, though I heard a terrible shriek from some one on board her, then we struck, and I never forgot as long as I live. The Fortuna sprang a leak at once, and the cap'n, after a careful examination, said there was no use trying to save her—that she would go under in less than half an hour.

"The boats were lowered and manned, but the one I was in was swamped almost as soon as it touched water, and every soul of us was at the mercy of the waves. I thought it was all over with me, as I went down, but I came up again all right, and found myself close beside a floating hatch that had been dislodged from our vessel when we collided. I could not see the Fortuna for the fog, although it was beginning to lift, and I supposed I had been carried a long way from her by the waves. I seized the hatch, and having a life-belt on, I managed to keep afloat.

"Just at this moment I heard a queer sound near, and the next moment a bundle of something started right up against me, grabbed it and found it was a child a-screamin' at the top of its lungs. "The cap'n's baby!" I cried, in the quietest of whispers, and I had held it another minute I had the little feller lyin', safe and sound, on the hatch, and glad as I could be to have even that mite o' humanity to keep me company in my desperate state.

"By and by the fog lifted, the waters grew more quiet, the moon came out, and though it was fearful cold, I never saw a finer night. But there was no sign of my vessel anywhere. The Fortuna must have gone down, and perhaps the other vessel, too. At all events, I considered what we had become of me and that baby, with no help near. But I soon found land was in sight, and the waves were carryin' us directly in toward shore. You can may be guess that I helped myself all I could, and held on to the hatch for dear life, and, half an hour later, I came able to touch bottom, when I wasn't long in getting up high and dry upon the beach."

(To be Continued.)

A Compulsory Retraction in Arizona.

The Rev. T. N. De Foote—Brethren, before beginning my lecture this evening, I w-w-want to say the opinion I expressed last Sunday as to the character of Mr. Lonesome Pike, our esteemed fellow-townsman, was an erroneous one. I-I I'll now—

Voice (from the rear)—say "a collection 'll now be took up t' git him a new broncho," r bang she goes!—*Puck.*

Mrs. Golddust—I have always considered Mr. Paperwate a gentleman, and I am sure you are prejudiced. Tell me what you have against him!

Mr. Golddust—A judgment, my dear.

A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART.

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

TEMPTATION AND DECEPTION.

The morning after Cora Burnham's discovery of the inner office, a carpenter was brought to reset the lock, but found the floor had sagged so much owing to the weight of the safe that a new lock would be necessary. He was instructed to procure one and after he had fixed it, Mr. Killick being out, he handed the three little Yale keys to Miss Burnham. Quickly untying the string she slipped one of them into her pocket knowing that there were only two with the other lock and that Killick would not expect much. She handed them to him in his private room in the afternoon and he asked no questions, his whole attention being concentrated on an effort to please his fair stenographer.

"Kahn is coming down to-night to make a statement which is exceedingly important and I am anxious to have it taken down in full, but everything depends on the knowledge of what he says being kept secret. I can't trust anyone but you and Dooley, and unfortunately Dooley cannot write shorthand and the statement is likely to be a very long one and—for that matter—Dooley will be out of town. Would it be asking too much of you, Miss Burnham, to come down this evening about eight and work for a couple of hours?"

"Not at all," answered Cora huskily, her agitation almost overcoming her. "Where will I work?"

"I will have to be in my private office, my sanctum sanctorum as it were, Miss Burnham, for fear some of the clerks may come back and overhear what is going on. As you are the only one of my staff who knows of the existence of that inner room—not even Dooley has ever been there—come in and see it, Miss Burnham, and I will tell you a secret about it," suggested the old man sweetly, thinking it well to make her acquainted with the premises so that she would not be frightened when coming in the evening. He opened the door which first displayed the empty vault from which the shelves had been taken, leaving only the two upright planks which had supported them. On the other side of these supports was considerable vacant space and the thought suggested itself to Cora that a man might easily conceal himself there. Pushing aside the portiere he ushered her into the room. The heavy curtains falling behind her startled her with a sense of seclusion and fear. Turning to look at him, in her quick brain the plan was suggested that almost anyone could follow her in the evening and have ample opportunity for hiding in the empty vault, screened from observation by the heavy curtains. The definiteness of her purpose gave her steadiness of nerve to resist the impulse to either scream or fly, and she permitted old Killick to take her hand and bend over it as gracefully as his obese figure would permit and plant a kiss on her knuckles. Seeming not to notice the salutation she avoided him, not only by endeavoring to keep a chair or table between them, but by a distance of manner, which he found insurmountable, though her sweet smiles and bright eyes suggested that she merely considered it an inopportune time for receiving caresses. With an affectation of curiosity she peered into all the corners of the room, opened a cabinet—at which point she had to refuse a kiss as the price—and finally exclaimed, "Why, this is the real vault then, is it, Mr. Killick?"

"Yes, my dear, this is the real one. The other was evacuated after the burglary, of which I told you. I have never had it repaired since."

"It doesn't look like an ordinary vault, it is more like a safe."

"So it is," he answered, anxious to detain her. "I took it at it. It was used to keep jewelry rather than law papers, but it answers my purpose very well. Most of the papers, you know, are kept in the big vault outside in the office, I only keep my private ones in here."

"Why, you haven't any secrets have you, Mr. Killick," smiled Cora, alluringly. He placed his flat forefinger on his coarse lips in simpering, "H-u-s-h, I have lots of secrets, my dear Cora, but some day I don't intend to have any from you."

"I wouldn't be safe to tell them to me, Mr. Killick," she smiled over his shoulder as he showed her the vault. "Women can't keep secrets you know."

"Yes, but I believe *you* can," he cried admiringly, at the same time trying to put his arm around her, a manoeuvre which she eluded without appearing to notice it. By this time she had formed a coherent plan by which she might obtain possession of the vault key for her father, and with growing confidence in her own ability to keep Killick at a distance she became more confiding and less reserved in her manner.

"Where is the key of the lock?" said she.

"There is none," he answered with a laugh, "it is opened by a few dexterous turns of the wrist like this."

"How strong your wrist must be to throw a great big bar like that so easily."

"You could do it quite as easily my dear, just try it. See, turn it three times round to thirty, twice back to fifty, once around to seventy, and then, presto, it opens."

She tried it and was successful, and—with the numbers graven on her mind as if on tablets of granite—to divert an suspicion she tried it again, turning it once to thirty, twice to fifty, and three times to seventy. It wouldn't work. As she knelt before the safe apparently determined to open it again, he laughed at her ineffectual efforts and the beads of perspiration caused by fear lest he might suspect her, he mistook for excitement and laughed at her heartily. At last bending quickly over her shapely head he succeeded in kissing her, and as she sprang up half in anger he simply patted her hand and said, "Never mind, Cora, I will show you how to open it to-night."

When Ralph Moore heard Cora's adventures he at once made up his mind that he would go with her to Killick's office. For a time it was almost decided that Mrs. Burnham should accompany Cora to do proprietary and keep the old lawyer off the scent. Mrs. Burnham, however, decidedly objected to sitting in the outer office for an hour or two, and understanding that her father would be concealed in the vault, Cora at last decided she had better go alone. At eight o'clock she pushed open the outer door of the darkened office, tapped at Mr. Killick's door and was at once admitted. The spring-lock snapped behind her but her father had the key and she knew he could follow, but when the lawyer was showing her into the inner room her blood almost turned cold as he carefully closed the vault door after them.

"Oh, don't," she cried, "that frightful door might get closed and no one be able to get it open."

"Oh, no, it isn't locked. See, turn the handle a little to one side and it pushes open."

"Oh, please leave it a little way open, I am so frightened of being smothered to death or something."

"All right," laughed Killick; but as the door was slightly ajar he took more pains to draw the curtains, and three minutes afterwards Ralph Moore quietly slipped through the door into the vault and crept behind the beam.

"You got here quite early, Miss Cora," chirped Mr. Killick. "Kahn may be half an hour late, and while we are waiting for him I suppose we might as well talk. Aha," he laughed somewhat awkwardly, "I say we might as well talk, I really told him not to come before half past eight so that I might have a talk with you. Have a glass of wine, Miss Burnham, it won't do you any harm. It is beautiful wine. You know I am a temperance man, still in my private life I permit myself a few luxuries in which I never indulge before the world for fear my example might be bad. There is nothing like affording a good example, Miss Cora, even if one's inner life is a little bit contradictory. You know if people all kept themselves carefully guarded from evil appearances, we would at least have no glaring vices, and the trouble of concealment would prevent the great majority from intrigues which, very often you know, Miss Burnham, lead to worse things. But then," said he, unconsciously slipping down in his chair and putting the tips of his fingers together and looking at the ceiling, "what is life without an excitement of some sort? What is the hum drum of law, of medicine—yes, my dear, even of the pulpit—unless there is a variety in life to lend spice to the burdensome days? Well, you have already found out that I am not exactly what I seem. The homely and fat old man who has to wear spectacles is nothing but a boy after all—Do take a glass of wine, Miss Burnham."

Cora touched her lips to the glass and bowed her acknowledgment.

"Nothing but a boy after all, full of pranks and capers; yes, my dear, and full of sentiment, love—yes, I am, my dear, just as full of sentiment as I was when I was twenty years old; a perfect boy, making ballads to my mistress' eyebrow; and you know, my dear, that it is your eyebrow—

"My eyebrow, Mr. Killick; why how absurd."

"I know it is quite absurd—ha! ha! ha!—awfully absurd, that a repulsive old fellow like me should have dreams of a pretty face and a divine form. Drink your wine, Miss Burnham, really it won't hurt you. Yes, it is very absurd. I recognize the fact myself, and facts are the things that we must recognize in this world; not dreams, what we think we would wish, not romantic reveries—facts, facts; hard, cold facts; stern, uncompromising facts; sentimentally, absurd facts—anything that is a fact must be taken into account; we must reckon with it as if it were fate. I don't know any other fate than the facts of everyday life. The fact is that you are poor, that I am rich; a further fact and what is more, there exists the fact that you can be rich, even if I have to be poorer if you will be kind to me. I suppose you think I have no other ambition than wealth. Men about town laugh and say Mammon is old Killick's god—he cares for nothing but gold. They are wrong, my dear—very, very wrong, my dear Cora. Money is nothing to me except for what it will buy—I don't mean *who* it will buy, but the comforts it will procure for those I love. Now, I love you! Don't be startled, Miss Burnham, don't be startled! You have known it; I am a loveless old man. The men in my own profession hate me; I am too smart for them. My clients are no longer my friends after they get my bill. I am so ugly I am afraid to talk to a jury. My wife is a complaining invalid who seems never to have forgotten the favor she conferred on me by marrying me and turning herself over into the hands of a doctor. She never has a kind word for me. Her whole dream is of some handsome lover who had jilted her before she accepted me. Well, there is no love lost. She likes me as well as I like her. If I dared I would give her a spoonful of poison to morrow. If you will be my wife, I promise you the old man, coolly, not removing his eyes from the point of observation on the ceiling, "I will see that she doesn't interfere with the ceremony. Mark! I say to-morrow I don't mean the day after this, but later on. What do you think about it?"

As he spoke the old man straightened up in his chair and sat gazing fixedly at the dumfounded Cora.

"What do you think of it, Miss Burnham? Don't be startled, because as I told you before, this is a world of cold and unsentimental facts. If you are willing to marry me I will see that you have a chance to do it. You will be a lady. I will give you all the wealth you want. I am one of the richest men in the city. There is nothing between us but a feeble life that the doctors have been expecting to go out every day. What think you?"

"Mr. Killick, how dare you suggest such a thing to me; I would be the accessory to a murder!"

"Tut, tut, girl, don't put it that way. I could do it by leaving a window open, by a draught in my room. It would be a mercy to her and a godsend to me if she were in the other world. I am an old man; it won't be many years before you will be left to your own devices, to do as you like with my money and with your own. I will settle a hundred thousand dollars on you and I will make you heiress to twenty-five and fifty thousand now."

"It is a very tempting offer, Mr. Killick," said Cora cautiously, "but then you know offers of this kind are rather dangerous things. I have no doubt that you have that much money, but after we were married I might not get it."

"I'll make a settlement on you of a hundred thousand dollars which will be delivered into your hands before the ceremony, and more than that, I will make you heiress to the other money at once. Yes, my dear, at once. I am not afraid of the result. I will show you how I can put you in possession of one of the largest fortunes held by any woman in the Dominion."

Killick stopped for a moment. He wondered to himself if he were not going too far, but the infatuation of his passion was so great he was blinded to the brightly cold and calculating eyes which were hidden by the drooping eyelids of his fair auditor. "You remember that offer we made of Miss Browning's money the other day to Col. Moore?"

A flush crept slowly up into Cora's face, but she nodded as unconcernedly as possible, "Yes, I remember."

"Well, that property does not belong to Col. Moore any more than it does to you; not so much, for I have some title and he has none. All I have to do is to produce an heir or an heiress and the whole amount will revert to him or her. I have already frightened him so that he is willing to give me almost any amount I ask, by alleging that I know where the proper heir is to be found. Of course that is a professional fiction. There is no heir. The property is his certainly enough unless I invent some personage. I have all the family documents in my possession. There is no reason that you should not assume the position and obtain possession. How would you like to appear as a Canadian Roger Tichborne, the fair claimant of the Moore estates?"

"Oh, I think it would be lovely" exclaimed Cora, her dark eyes flashing with excitement. She sat facing the portiere while Killick had his back to it and a glimpse of her father's face peering through the aperture had given her a great reinforcement of strength which Killick mistook for the bursting into life of the flame of avarice he had been fostering.

"Well, I can fix it for you, Cora, and between us we will be one of the richest couple that ever went journeying. We will do London," cried the old man, smacking his lips and clapping his hands together, then forming them into the usual pyramid, "then to Paris, Berlin, Vienna, spend the winter in Italy. Oh, we will be lovely spending a winter under the blue skies of Italy, wandering about the ruins of Rome! And Venice, Cora. Wouldn't it be glorious these winter evenings, to be floating in a gondola, between stately palaces in Venice?"

Cora laughed, intending her voice to express an ecstacy of delight, but somehow it sounded differently, and Killick started angrily. "You laugh at me, Miss Burnham. I doubtless make an ass of myself. Ha! ha! ha! I suppose I should look too funny in a gondola, beside a pretty woman like you. Don't laugh at me, though; that is one thing I won't permit. I can love you well enough to endow you with my fortune; but if you laugh at me, I would have you to the point of doing what I expressed my willingness to do for Mrs. Killick."

"You mistake me, Mr. Killick; I laughed with delight at the pictures you have painting of a winter in Italy. If there is anything I have dreamed about, it has been Italy. When summer comes I have talked about travelling, it has always been Italy I have wanted to go to. You don't know how strong a temptation you were offering me when you spoke of Italy. You must excuse my silly laugh, Mr. Killick; it was really one of those hysterical sounds which make one seem silly, and it had the misfortune in this case of making you angry." As she spoke, Cora moved from her chair, and for the first time in the history of their odd courtship, placed her hand on Mr. Killick's shoulder. "Will you forgive me?" she asked.

Killick was entirely overcome.

"Forgive you!" he cried, reaching up and grasping the hand resting on his shoulder. "I am glad it made me angry, so that this reconciliation could be brought about. Cora, you are my weakness. I am your fool, and I know it. I have never been this way before. I know I am clay in your hands. I try to resist and cannot, it doesn't seem worth while resisting. All my other ambitious fade away when you are near me. I think that you will betray, that you will lead me an awful life, that you will accept me for my money only, that you may even dishonor my name (if I can ever give it to you), and yet I would give everything I have for one moment of possession. You seem to me to be a lady, to have honorable feelings; you never tell anything that happens in the office. You seem to be one of those rare women who can be trusted. I know these things to console myself, when I know that every passion and weakness in me has resolved my nature to trust you, right or wrong. Take a hundred of my hardest law cases and I have not searched for evidence, for precedents, as I have searched in you and in myself for reasons why I could trust you. I have thought of those rare instances where old men have had the good fortune to win the confidence and affection of young women. I have read biography, history, everything, to find some reason why I dare trust you and make you the absolute mistress of my heart, and worse, of my fate. I think I do. Cora." Killick's voice trembled and there were tears in his big meaty eyes, eyes which, no matter how ugly they were did not express in their dull ugliness the bright and masterful mind within, "I have found very little. It all comes back to the point where I ask myself may not you be the first one, may not I be one of the few who win such treasure? Happiness is a rare gem. Why after all these years of toil, cunning, yes, conspiracy—for Cora, I might almost call it conspiracy—should I not have one glimpse of happiness? It hasn't come to me yet. These wines when they fell to my lot with this room, I tried them, thinking perchance there might be something in their liquid depths which would supply an hour's satisfaction; something—something anything except the bitterness and grasping that had so far filled my life. There is nothing. Even if you refuse me, now, if you are false to me afterwards, your face, the dreams I have had of your beauty, of the possibility of having it for mine, outweigh any other happiness I have ever had. You can see, Cora, how after this dream has been revived by my coming and finding you in Tully's office, I have pursued the phantom, and just now your laugh—ere I had confess—I didn't understand—brought me to myself with an almost electric shock. Can you really think of rambles in Rome and Venice and Florence, fair Florence of which Dante sang:

"Ungrateful Florence!
Dante wanders far."

Can you think of this thing without laughing, without going into a perfect paroxysm of laughing at my presumption in thinking that in my old days my wealth could hope for intelligent companionship, loveliness like yours, to share what would be left for me of life?"

There was something in the old man's face and in his voice which had lured so many people into a belief in him which now fascinated the young girl in the midst of her plan to win his confidence and betray it. The genuine feeling he had displayed, the answering emotion it had excited in her, were those occasional exhibitions of genuineness which in the most artful and heartless schemings almost make the participators believe their pretences are realities. The most oily and the most insinuating and seductive appeals poured into the private or the public ear are unavailing unless there is a heart voice that can occasionally be heard. The success of extraordinary ventures of this kind depends upon the power of the adventurer to feel for the moment a genuine impulse and to answer the genuine appeals of others as if his whole heart were laid bare before them. These two plotters as they talked to one another each felt convinced of the other's sincerity, and, as they pictured the future, drifted into real rearness of spirit. We wonder sometimes how people can be misled; how an artful man can mislead a woman, how a designing woman can mislead a man; we never always take into account the quality of sex, and that with contiguity there is a response excited which is momentarily genuine, and which becomes really strong in magnetic people, and where magnetism of this kind meets a similar quality both are almost sure to be misled, each believing in its own triumph. At any rate, this was true of both Cora and Killick. At the point, however, when her admirer began to be too fervid, with an idea not only of feeling the combination of the vault but seeing the Moore documents themselves, she at an opportune moment, when modesty could be alleged as the reason for changing the subject of conversation, wondered if she could open the vault

"Try it," smiled Killick, waddling beside her and attempting to put his arm around her as she bent over the door. Of course she didn't know the combination, of course, of it. She could get thirty and fifty and seventy, in any conceivable shape except the proper ones. Then he showed her, his fat hand enveloping her slender fingers several times during the operation. And yet the next time she could not get it, though she was well aware that her father during these lessons was marking down in his memorandum book the three times around to thirty, twice back to fifty, once around to seventy. At last she was able to accomplish the task, and Killick showed her the deeds and papers to which he referred, took them out, read the will to her, pausing at the beginning with this explanation:

"You know, my dear, Miss Burnham, you are expecting Kahn up here to-night. Well, as a matter of fact, the Kahn part of this program is mythical. You will pardon me for that, won't you?" he whispered, in an attempt to be playful. "What I really wanted you for was to arrange a partnership between you and me, and now we are here and have got along so famously, I will read you a little slip I have in my book which shows what will be necessary to prove the heir or heiress of the Moore estate. There it is; here is the will. Let us read the will first." He read it over, explained the points of law and put it back in the box. Then he round a minute description, in his own hand writing, of the elder brother, Ralph Moore, of the third brother, some time deceased, went through a lot of papers relating to an estate which was about to come into the possession of the Moores from an old relative in England. "This," he explained, "is one of the principal things."

Cora was thoroughly interested, and it may be supposed the listener behind the curtain was not unmindful of these developments.

"Really, I was never so excited in my life, Mr. Killick. What a romance it would be for me to assume the role of claimant! Would you mind giving me a glass of wine, I really tremble so at the thought of it." This time she drank it all. Killick took two half tumblers of brandy. She stood beside a table, her hand nestling confidingly at his arm. What a spectacle it would have been for the old lawyers, money shavers, brokers and commercial pirates, who looked upon Killick as the personification of money getting, had they been able to see him in that room with the young girl, leading him such a dangerous dance! His eyes began to gleam through their meaty surface, and Cora, with the fear that there might be some slip between the getting of this paper and the plan she had laid, was resolving in her mind whether it would be better to slip the will into her pocket; no, she knew it would not do. She tried to think of some place she could conceal it. She took it out and looked at it. Killick was pouring another glass of brandy. It fell on the floor. He did not notice the quick motion of her foot as she kicked it towards her father, and the hand reached down through the aperture. But Moore's head was shaken ominously; she knew she had made a mistake, but the knowledge of a protector near at hand made her bold, and she dared to taste another glass of wine, persuading Killick to take another brandy; then she piled the papers in the box, and together they put them away. She glanced at her watch; it was after ten.

"Why, Mr. Killick, it is after ten. I must go home."

"Not before you give me one real, genuine kiss."

"Oh, it must be before that, Mr. Killick. I should not until things are different," she answered, significantly.

"It doesn't matter, we must sign and seal the bargain now."

"Well, if you must," she murmured, and she kissed him.

"I will see you home, Cora." He put out the lights and they went out together. The sound of their footsteps had not died away on the stairs when the portieres were parted and the light of a dark lantern gleamed on the combination of the vault. "Thirty and three times around," whispered the eager voice, "fifty twice and once around to seventy." The vault door yielded. the Moore family papers were buttoned into the bulging pocket of the old gamester, but he did not go. Pulling a screw-driver from his pocket he changed the combination. He knew that Killick dared not bring a locksmith to repair it for fear it would make public the existence of the room. He waited a few days for preparation.

His calculations were correct. The combination o the vault was not repaired for several weeks.

(To be Continued.)

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Hebrews and Christian Assimilation.

Baron Hirsch, who is one of the wealthiest Hebrews in France, if not in the world, having recently stated that he intended to use his immense fortune for the co-education of Jews and Gentiles in Russia, a great deal of discussion has been caused which has brought out some valuable thoughts. Baron Hirsch believes that the Jews should no longer endeavor to be a distinct people, and is satisfied that in America and all countries where free institutions prevail their progress in wealth is rapid and their assimilation with other religions and races will soon result. In Russia, however, they are so oppressed that they are unable to obtain an education, and are consequently cut off from any hope of mingling with the dominant race. For this reason he has offered his millions to the Russian Government for the establishment of schools in which Jews and Russians shall be educated together. So delighted with this proposal are some of the European Jews who know the disabilities under which their people labor in absolute monarchies surrounded by fierce and bigoted peasantry who know no greater delight than Jew-baiting, that they have hailed Baron Hirsch as the long-expected Messiah.

Within the past week, however, much has been written and said by the rabbis of America, thoroughly discountenancing the movement, and even accusing Baron Hirsch of being a very bad Hebrew. They contend that a good Jew would not be anxious for the disappearance of his race and religion. This at once appeals to the fanaticism, we would call it, while the rabbis would p aise it as the religious spirit, of the Hebrews; but it is doubtful if any but the most zealous will suspect Baron Hirsch of anything but good motives and a lofty conception of the future, not only of his race, but of all the races who believe in the same God.

The Hebrew in America has possessed himself of so large a share of the commerce of this continent that he has become an exceedingly strong factor in our everyday life. The Hebrews are already so wealthy a people in America that their sons, more highly cultured than their fathers, yet retaining the aggressive spirit of the race, are not only willing to mix with Gentile society but are frequently so over-anxious that their efforts amount almost to an attempt to force themselves into the company of those who are not yet free from the "Christian" bigotry which taught them to despise the Israelite. As that section of the people of this continent who are of Gentile birth become more liberal in their views, as they inevitably must when they are forced to rely for credit and a portion of their prosperity on Hebrew merchants, and as the third generation of Americanized Hebrews become less self-assertive, there is sure to be a more kindly partnership, frequent inter-marriages and the gradual but sure extinction of the racial and religious line. Almost every reader of SATURDAY NIGHT can find some instance within his or her knowledge where Hebrews have become professed Christians, or at least have dropped attendance at the synagogue, ceased to give their children Biblical names and are not at all anxious to be known as Jews. In this city and Montreal intermarriages have taken place which have resulted in the introduction of Hebrew gentlemen of merit into the most refined society. In New York half the business signs on Broadway, the greatest commercial avenue on this continent, unrivaled as a single street by any other in the world, bear the names of Hebrew merchants. The power of Disraeli, his ennoblement, the love Englishmen retain for him, are evidences of the dropping down of the bars which separated the two people.

The tenets held by Christians are being influenced by contact with the sharp and educated minds of the Anglicized and educated Hebrew; Theism has a greater hold upon the modern mind than ever before within the recollection of people now alive. Theosophic novels—Robert Elsmere for instance—are most popular, widely read and influential. While Judaism has not accomplished all this, for Unitarianism, unpopular as it may be in Canada, and disorganized as it is in the United States, has done a vast deal in both England and America to soften the hard lines which at one time marked for crucifixion those who did not believe in Christ, as nineteen centuries ago a belief in Christ set apart the followers of Jesus as a target for the missiles of ignorance and fanaticism.

While we cannot admit the correctness of everything he says, there is material for thought in some of the statements of Rabbi Mendes who has just given to the public his views of Baron Hirsch's utterances. His ideal Hebrew is so rare—he might retort that our ideal Christian is also rare—that his sayings come to us with reduced force, yet what he says is worthy of being read as the opinion of a learned and philanthropic man who puts it forward as the claim of a people so often despised and so little understood. Following is a selection from what he said:

"The conditions for the Christianization of the Jews have been getting less and less favorable ever since the third century. Developments since that period have rendered it utterly impossible by reason of the many new doctrines which were fastened upon the Christian Church from the third or fourth century after the death of Jesus. For example, the doctrine of the incarnation, of the Trinity, of the sonship, of original sin and so on.

"So far from the Jews becoming merged with the Christians it is much more likely that the Christians will come nearer the Judaism which was practiced, preached and taught by Jesus himself. Take for example the question of the Sabbath. There is not a single intelligent Christian minister who can give a sufficient reason for the Sunday Sabbath, inasmuch as the observance of that day is honoring the Son at the expense of the Father, according to their own creed, and disobeying the former, who forbade them from altering one jot or tittle of the law, and the latter, who ordained that the seventh, and not the first day, should be the Sabbath.

"So far from the Hebrews becoming amalgamated with the Christians the sentiment of Jewish patriotism is more intense to-day than it ever was before. We look for a Messiah who shall be our leader at the time of the restoration of Palestine to the Hebrews. Lowell remarks:

"'Each the Messiah of some central thought,
For the fulfilment and delight of man
One has to teach that labor is divine,
Another Freedom and another Mind.'

"It is the Jew of history who finds it his mission to give the nations each one its message. Our own message is to do this—to hold up before the whole world the three ideals which mankind must strive to realize. These are—Universal peace, universal brotherhood and universal happiness!

"Christianity has not yet succeeded in bringing these to the world. The millions of men armed, ready when the leash is slipped to become themselves the dogs of war, shows that the Christian world is far from universal peace. There is not a daily newspaper but shows how far the Christian world is from universal brotherhood, and the misery and suffering, poverty and crime, show how far the Christian world is from universal happiness.

"No. The Jews will never become merged with the Christians. On the contrary the world has stepped from Olympus to Calvary. It is time now that it stepped from Calvary to Sinai, where we Jews have been waiting for three thousand years for the rest of the nations to tread that holy ground with us!

"And humanity is marching on to Sinai. It will never turn backward. The watchword of humanity is 'Forward!'"

Although called by the more all-embracing term "entertainment," the Grenadiers' event of Friday rather deserves the name "concert," as its musical features were sufficiently important to overshadow the two tableaux presented, good as they were. Herr Moriz Rosenthal, as one of the few great pianists among late arrivals on this continent, naturally was interesting before being heard. When heard he at once compelled admiration. He has the "classic repose" —even an iron repose—and the utmost virtuosity. He plays the most difficult passages of octaves and runs with a delightful staccato or legato—one as light and pearly as the other is rich and flowing. And he possesses the rare gift of a perfect balance between both hands, all parts blending, yet perfectly distinct. As to the much-disputed point of his possession of the artistic soul, I must confess to a slight feeling of disappointment.

He certainly has artistic taste to an extreme degree, and no one could take exception to anything he did on this score. But as to the subtle self, that must pervade all a great mind inspires executive ability to do, I, for one, find him wanting in that quality which is ever able to extend its own inspiration to others. Rosenthal, with all his Titanic technique, has not the dainty elegance of Joseffy, and certainly not that noble fire which so stirs us when we hear Rubinstein or even Carreno. We admire him, but we adore the others. Still he has great qualities, not the least of which is his strict loyalty to rhythm, the *tempo rubato* being rarely indulged in. As a Chopin player his selections were too serious for one to form clear judgment, and the purposeless hotch-potch he made by combining Liszt's Tenth and Twelfth Rhapsodies left one no chance to estimate his feeling of the other great master.

The boy, Kreisaler, almost seems more than human. Looking at his careless, *degage* manner, the weird tone that answers his bow the moment that the strings are touched by it, has something so unexpected in it that astonishment is one's first sensation. Admiration and enthusiasm, however, are soon developed in the audience, for as he plays we hear more than honeyed sweetness; we hear an artistic phrasing—broad and deep, thoughtful and romantic—that is worthy of any veteran. Then we have time to admire the perfect technique and finally repeat what all have said: that he is a wonder. He played Schubert's Ave Maria on a low string, and then repeated it in harmonics of marvellous clearness and precision of tone. His rendering of the Wieniawski Mazurka was odd in its treatment of the rhythm, but his playing of the same composer's Faust *fantaisie* was magnificent in its richness of tone and expression.

The other star of the evening, Mrs. Agnes Thomson, is already too well established a favorite in Toronto to need many words of commendation here. Her appearance was the signal for a pronounced ovation which only subsided when she, in a spirit of loyalty, sang Home, Sweet Home, with pathetic feeling. She sang the Una Voce cavatina flowingly and in good voice, and with apparent reserve of power, giving the utmost clearness to the difficult runs and cadenzas. I must, however, object to the novelties with which her teacher has embellished the original of this, one of Rossini's masterpieces. It seems to me that when Rossini held it up, looked at it and said "That will do," it was good enough to leave untouched. Her Caro Nome also was well rendered, and her encored songs were beautifully sung. Mr. Charles E. Pratt, the accompanist, well sustained his arduous part. The band of the regiment filled in the interstices of the programme most pleasantly.

A week of English opera, with a change every evening, brought out the music lovers in great force at the Grand, though the individuals who comprise the company are, with perhaps one exception, only mediocre in excellence. The exception is Fraulein Louise Meisslinger, whose majestic appearance and fine voice, combined with her good acting, made her a central figure in the party. Clara Louise Kellogg herself has fallen off even since her last appearance in Toronto, when she gave such a ridiculous rendering of Tosti's Good-Bye. Her voice is weak and without quality, except when she sings a high note at full power, and she sank from the pitch most woefully and most frequently. Labatt, in addition to the absurdity of singing his parts in German, had the misfortune of looking most helpless on the stage, as if he were in momentary fear of his knees giving way under him. His voice must have been a fine one in his youth, and has yet much of the heroic ring in it.

Miss Harriet Avery is pleasing in both appearance and singing, and was very satisfactory. Mr. Wm. H. Lee is a fair baritone, and sings his parts well, though he produced a ridiculous effect in the Tempest of the Heart by reaching his climax before the end and singing the last phrase in the most tender, affecting manner, a most incongruous and inartistic ending. Mr. T. H. Persse, a former Torontonian, was a strong favorite and sang with fire and spirit. His method is not good, however, and is beginning to tell upon his voice, which shows a woolly tone in the upper register. Of the other members, Mr. H. Hovemann is the most satisfactory. He has a fine sympathetic bass voice, not very strong but very pleasant, and he sings well. This reiteration of condemnation and faint praise is becoming as wearisome to me as it is to the reader, but in honesty I must class the chorus with the other mediocrities. The one ray of light which pervaded this gloom of artistic poverty was to be found in the orchestra, which was excellent, and in whose performance the only unalloyed pleasure of the week was to be found.

Our charming friend, Miss Agnes Huntington, has engaged with Carl Rosa's English Opera Company, the finest company playing in English in the world. She is to play in grand opera in this combination, but opens in comic opera, creating the title role in the new opera, Paul Jones, by Planquette, composer of Les Cloches de Corneville. Miss Huntington is now in England, after a long stay in Dresden where she had been passing her roles in grand opera with her old *maestro*, G. B. Lamperti, and she has already scored a great success in Paul Jones.

METRONOME.

We have had two veterans in their respective lines at our theaters this week. At the Grand Opera House Clara Louise Kellogg and her company have drawn large audiences to listen to the music of the famous and popular operas Il Trovatore, Faust, Carmen, The Bohemian Girl and Martha. These are all well known in this city. The ability which has made Miss Kellogg's name famous in both the old and new worlds is not all musical. If she had not been blessed with the great gift of song it may be safely said that she would have become a powerful actress. The several performances have been dealt with critically by Metronome.

At the Toronto Opera House old Charles Couldock has been presenting that old but popular domestic drama, Hazel Kirke. The part of an old man is not a fictitious one with Mr. Couldock who has now lived the number of years allotted to man. Those who can remember him as the "old man" of the stock company so many years ago have little reason to regret the days that are gone on seeing his Dunstan Kirke this week. They may notice a slight diminishing of the magnetic power which marks the prime of life; but they will not be disappointed with their old favorite's work. The strongest part of his playing now, is where he is broken down with grief and overwhelmed with blindness, on account of his daughter's supposed disgrace. This is the part where youth and strength would work against the actor, and where Mr. Couldock's seventy years are in his favor. If there is a weakness it is where he curses his daughter and turns her away. But his picture of the bull-headed, blunt, old North of England miller, who holds a promise higher than his daughter's life and happiness, who remains inflexible through sickness and blindness brought on by his grief, and who is only softened when the terrible reality of her being driven to death is brought home to him on hearing the cry that Hazel is drowning in the mill pond, is a careful and masterly delineation. The company with Mr. Couldock is a good one. Miss Lillian Billings, who takes the part of Hazel Kirke, is a good looking young woman and a sympathetic actress. Her action is graceful; her facial expression and elocution much above the average. Though her acting lacks the power and ease which experience combined with ability alone can give, it shows evidence of careful study, which if persisted in will some day make Miss Billings a clever actress. Mr. Raymond Holmes is a good comic actor, and his Pittacus Green was much applauded. Mr. Kidder as Arthur Carrington does good work, but Mr. Taylor has yet room to improve himself in the part of Aaron Rodney.

NOTES.

Col. T. A. Brown, in his record of the American theater in the *Clipper*, tells some interesting facts regarding Edmon Sheppard Conner, who made his debut sixty years ago and is still living in New Jersey. Conner was born at nine o'clock, on the ninth day of the ninth month of the ninth year of the nineteenth century. He was the original Mantilini in Nicholas Nickleby and Angelo in Tortesa, and was the second person to act Bloody Nathan in The Jibbenainosay, Joseph Proctor being the original. Though he acted Richelieu 1113 times and withdrew from professional life in 1885 in that character, yet he has never seen another actor in the part.

Rev. Madison C. Peters of Philadelphia in discussing the theater, says: "All actors are not moral; all preachers are not moral. There is not a better woman in Philadelphia than Charlotte Cushman was or Mary Anderson is. Nor is there a man in this city whose character is more spotless and life more beneficent than Joseph Jefferson's. Honor to whom honor is due. Let us be fair. Religion is not scoffed at on the stage. Its spurious representatives are held up to ridicule and contempt. Crimes are committed on the stage; so they are in the Bible. The chief themes of the theater are the passions of men; so are the subjects of the chisel of Angelo, the brush of Guido, the brain of Dore, the burden of the Sermon on the Mount by Christ, in whose lips there was no guile and whose every thought was without spot or blemish. If the exposure of sin is an indecency, to be consistent all the literature in the world, sacred or profane, must be committed to the flames. The plays that achieve the widest and most permanent success are as innocent as milk."

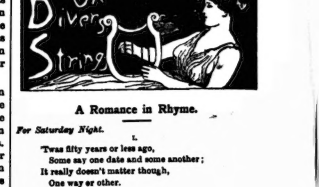
The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "If it be true—it seems scarcely credible—that M. Coquelin, in a lecture at Harvard, burlesqued some of Mr. Irving's gestures and movements, he committed an unpardonable breach of good manners. There is no question here of the artistic justification of personal travesty as a whole. Almost every professed mimic in Great Britain, from Mr. Dixie downwards, has 'taken off' Mr. Irving, and except as regards the monotony of the process, no one has had any ground for complaint. Though they are not artists of the same order, there is a certain rivalry between M. Coquelin and Mr. Irving. Each may be called the representative actor of his country, and the most scrupulous courtesy should govern their relations. M. Coquelin parodying Mr. Irving is as indefensible as Forrest hissing Macready."

There have always been weird stories afloat about Paganini, the once famous violinist. I suspect that most of them may be attributed to the suggestive weirdness of his appearance. One, which I do not recollect to have heard of elsewhere, is printed in the recently published "Letters from and to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe." "It is said," remarks the writer of one letter, that Paganini "has had three wives, and that he killed one privately by tying her hand and foot, and th n shaking a double thrill with his fingers on the soles of her feet—in a word, that he tickled her to death. It is certain that people can be thrown into convulsions by such a method, and I remember being tormented by my brothers and sisters in this way in my childhood. The finale of the story is that he was thrown into gaol on suspicion, and there a fiddle with only one string allowed him, which now gives him such a command of the fourth string. I'll warrant this to be a folly; but he certainly has a diabolical face—the very visage of Macklin, the player, in Shylock, as I remember it in prints and pictures."

Another legend of the great player is to the effect that he made a compact with the evil one who promised to let him into the secret of becoming one of the finest violinists of his time. I have never seen the story in any life of the musician, but I understand that it lingers in the neighborhood of places in which Paganini was well known. The recipe directed the player to kill the being whom he loved best in the world, and whose voice was to him the sweetest, and to receive her dying sigh into his favorite violin. According to the story, Paganini thereupon killed a beautiful girl whom he loved, and who was a celebrated singer. Ever afterwards the thrilling notes of her voice could be distinguished in the music of the master's playing.

"When Phelps came to Drury lane with Macready, he alternated," Mr. Toole tells us in his recollections, "the parts of Macbeth and Macduff. He made a great hit in Macduff. It was one of his best performances. The fight was terrific. When Macready was fighting, he always, under his breath, used to bully Macduff, calling him, 'Beast!' 'Wretch!' 'Scoundrel!' &c. It was suggested to Phelps that he should do the same. So, when Macready called him 'Beast!' Phelps retorted, 'Brute!' 'Demon!' 'Fiend!' 'Ruffian!' &c. The play over, Phelps expected to be rebuked, and as he anticipated, he was promptly sent for to Mr. Macready's room. But it was to be praised. 'Thank you very much, Mr. Phelps, particularly in the fight. I have never found anybody before to work with me so pleasantly.' I asked Phelps if this story was true, and he said, 'Yes, it is—quite true.'"

A New York paper says: "At the Academy of Music Joshua Whitcomb, Aunt Tidy, Cy Prime, Sethy and all the rest of the Swanzey folks continue their remarkable success in the Old Homestead. The fact that the quaint play has been endorsed by the religious press throughout the country and recommended by the eminent preachers of the Metropolis, has created a new fad in the way of church parties to see the Old Homestead. Every day brings Denman Thompson some fresh contributions to his already voluminous and extensive congratulatory letters from prominent clergymen of this city. The Rev. Coringe R. Vandewater, the rector of St. Andrew's Church, pays tribute in these words: 'My dear sir: Myself and wife went to see the Old Homestead and were delighted. I agree with Dr. Fields' opinion, and would be only too glad if such plays could be encouraged—not theaters nor operas—but bad plays and bouffe operas have driven us to the wall of opposition. You are doing a good work. Success attend you.' The Rev. Edward Wallace Nell, the rector of the Church of St. Edward the Martyr, also writes to Mr. Thompson as follows: 'I beg to add my recommendation of your excellent moral play. I have seen it twice, and advise my young people, more particularly the young men and the older boys of the Sunday school, to go and see it. I consider your play equal to a dozen sermons, bringing home so forcibly as it does the lesson of the fifth commandment. God bless and prosper you in the good work you are doing through your play among the young men and boys of New York. With every assurance of respect and esteem, believe me yours very sincerely.'"



A Romance in Rhyme.

For Saturday Night.

I.

'Twas fifty years or less ago,
Some say one date and some another;
It really doesn't matter though,
One way or other.

Girl full of love's imaginings,
Her John incontinently fired
By the old man—these are the things
That make one tired.

A gay Canadian youth was he,
His vices—smoking, lounging, fiddling;
A dark complexion his—while she
Was fair—to middling.

The youth was bounced, the maiden bright
Now made a business of repining;
She never slept a wink all night,
Nor dreamed of dining.

So then the old man said, "Look here!
I want to do the square thing by him,
If he can prove he has no fear,
Why there, we'll try him."

"My John can know no fear." She gives
Free vent to tears she cannot smother.
"'Know, no!" he cries. "Two negatives
Destroy each other."

However, we will let that pass,
Although it is a rule in grammar;
But bring your lover here, my lass.
She tries to stammer

Her grateful thanks. The lover comes
With heart as firm as corn meal porridge.
"New rack use, nerve use, screw my thumbs
To test my courage."

"The haunted ro m I think will do,
'Tis just upstairs, though lone as Crusoe,
Sleep there to-night—that is if you
Will dare to do so.

II.

He did not dread to meet a ghost,
He fancied that it would be quiet;
But after twelve there rose a most
Unearthly riot.

It rose, it fell. Upright he sat,
And said: "I wish it would stay fallen."
It rose again. He murmured: "That
Is some one callin'."

But oh, how terribly it called!
His hair and whiskers slowly whitened.
It groaned, it howled, it moaned, it bawled
Till he was frightened.

He stuffed the bedclothes in his ears!
No use; the sounds were more appalling.
He felt like giving twenty years
To stop that calling.

The noise grew worse and worse. He shut
His eyes, ears, teeth. How can I tell it?
I know just what it sounds like, but
I cannot spell it.

He reached the window at a bound,
Then left that window far behind him;
They searched for miles and miles around,
But couldn t find him.

The girl, unlike some girls in rhyme,
Did not turn sickly pale or yellow;
Instead, she took in course of time
Some other fellow.

But ever since that awful night,
The haunted man has turned up missing.
And now let me explain his fright
And stop your guessing.

Close by the room to which my song
Refers, rose all the muffled roaring,
'Twas the old man, who all night long
Was loudly snoring.

HERALD.

Chanson.

For Saturday Night.

A rose my lady gave me,
With smiling, soft farewell;
It had nestled all the summer day
Where her white breast rose and fell.
Blushing, dew-gemmed, and crimson
With passion and delight
Through all the happy sunny hours,
And it was mine at night!

A rose my lady gave me!
I dared not ask for more,
But my heart was faint with hunger
As I turned me from her door.
And the golden sun was hidden,
And the happy hours were past;
For a rose was all she gave me
As she smiled farewell at last.

A rose my lady gave me!
But, ah! what gift gave I?
My heart's best blood, my soul's best love—
She smiled! and passed them by.
The day is done; the summer sun
Shines nevermore so bright.
And the rose her bosom shrined all day
Fades in my hand at night!

A rose my lady gave me!
Who carved with sudden pang
Her eyes that flashed, her lips that smiled,
Her merry laugh that rang.
Her whole, sweet budding loveliness
In my true heart to dwell!
But, a rose was all she gave me,
As she smiled and said farewe

GRACE E. D.

An Indictment.

Low-browed woman that stole my love!
Fairer than I—less true!
You fooled him first with your wily tongue,
And your eyes' deceitful blue.

You looked in his, till you made him swear
His first love was all a dream;
While you let him toy with your yellow hair,
And bask in your smile's false gleam.

Well-a-day for your eyes so bright!
Weeping has made mine dim:
You would smile on, though he lay in his grave—
I could have died for him.

A Love Song.

O Stars, that tremble with soft silvery light
In heaven's deep blue,
Look down upon my love where'er he be to-night—
My love so true.

O Whispering Winds, that woo in murmurs low
The bending trees;
O bring me from my true love words and kisses sweet
Across the starlit seas.

O Beating Waves, that, like my throbbing heart,
Are ne'er at rest,
Bring back my darling soon to me that I may lean
Upon his breast.

Noted People.

President Carnot of France received upwards of a thousand Christmas presents from his admiring fellow-citizens of the republic.

Fanny Davenport is said to have sold a piece of property near Chicago recently for $50,000 which she bought a few years ago for $18,000.

The Duchess of Marlborough declares that the newspapers reports about the differences between herself and her husband are cruel and infamous.

Edwin Booth never plays in the city of Washington. This week he appears at Baltimore, and ticket holders are carried free from the capital on a special train.

Poor Mr. Melton Prior! After many wanderings in many lands, he was speeding to Old England to spend a merry Christmas at home. At Aden he was intercepted by the *Illustrated News*, with orders to spend Christmas at Suakin.

The arrival of the Russian Grand Duke Alexander at Agra has attracted much attention in England. This is the first time that any high Russian dignitary has openly visited India, and there is much curiosity to note the attitude of the native princes towards him.

Rose Coghlan was accorded an ovation in Nashville, Tenn., on Monday night of last week when she appeared in Jocelyn. Oh Tuesday she was taken suddenly ill and her engagement was closed, as it is not likely that she will be able to play again in a week or ten days.

President-elect Harrison will be inaugurated in a suit of clothes made in Chicago. There is some feeling in Indiana because he has snubbed the tailors of that State. It is felt that, as he chose an Englishman for his private secretary, he should have sent to London for his clothes if he was going out of Hoosierdom for them.

James Brown Potter witnessed his wife's debut as Cleopatra, on Tuesday night, and heard the comments passed upon the performance in the lobby. Few of the first-nighters knew that the stout, handsome young man who strolled around and listened attentively to all that was said, pro and con, was the husband of the star.

The story goes that when the Queen was at Berlin she inspected some marvellously rich and costly brocade which had been manufactured for one of the Rothschilds, and then remarked to the Empress Frederick: "Ah! there you are, my dear. Such people as these can afford that sort of thing, don't you see."

When Kaiser William was at Breslau the other day, a big banner was introduced into the torchlight procession bearing the words, "Honor thy Father and thy Mother!" in large capitals, and young Wilhelm was so infuriated by this rather too suggestive emblem that he sternly forbade its appearance being reported in any of the newspapers, and actually succeeded in preventing the news traveling out of Germany for some days.

No minister who has ever left power will relinquish his portfolio with greater delight than M. de Giers, who has been dying to retire for the last twelve months, and has been filling the *salons* at St. Petersburg with his lamentations that he is kept in office. The Count, who is a most delightful man, is a great friend of Germany; and as the Czar is not very much in love with that country, there have been some very awkward corners to turn of late.

The Duchess of Galliera, the benefactress of Genoa, who gave away millions for charitable purposes, was not devoid of that vindictiveness which Thackeray tells us is often a part of the character of a good Christian woman. The hall of the great Galliera Hospital at Genoa contains a tablet which commemorates the eternal shame of a relative of the Duchess, who, having been confided with a very large sum to pay for works in connection with this same hospital, absconded with the money, none of which was ever recovered.

Count Moltke takes only one holiday a year, but even his innocent autumn trips through Switzerland furnish the Parisian anti-German press with evidence against this "German spy," although it is well known that Count Moltke, passionately devoted to horticulture as he is, goes on his trips mainly with the idea of searching for new varieties of roses or other plants for his gardens, and that, after he has looked through his budget of letters and papers, which are daily sent to him from Berlin, he transacts no business whatever.

It is announced that young James G. Blaine has been sent to a machine shop in Maine to learn a useful trade. If Jimmy had been set to work to learn a trade half a dozen years ago, and kept at it, it might have made a man of him. But though he has entered a machine shop now, not much good can be expected of a young cub who has not spirit enough and sense of honor to refuse to be led by the ear, even by his mother, away from his wife and child. No decent young mechanic would be guilty of the conduct that has characterized young J. G. Blaine.

The Administration of Mr. Cleveland will be known as the day of beautiful women and amiable hostesses. Never has Washington beheld a brighter bevy of those who knew how to "receive," to "entertain" and be entertaining than during the last four years. There have always been beautiful and bright women at Washington, of course; we do not need to read Mrs. Adams' letters to know that there have also been intellectual and brilliant wits among the women who have elevated the nation at the capital.

The little Princess of the Netherlands, when she becomes Queen of Holland, will be one of the richest sovereigns, if not the richest sovereign, in Europe. The civil list of Holland, which is secured on the revenues of Borneo, is very large—£3,000,000 per annum, it is said. The Duchy of Luxembourg passes to the Grand Duke of Nassau, and then becomes a portion of the German empire, but the kingdom of Holland, not coming under the operation of the Salic law, descends to the king's little daughter. She is a bright, intelligent, clever child, with a good deal of character and determination. The marriage of the king and queen, despite the disparity of age, has been a very happy one.

Wm. D. Howells, the novelist, will be in New York for the remainder of the winter season. The family have taken a flat uptown, and the short, stout figure of the author, with its dark beardless face, slumberous looking yet seeing and absorbing eyes, and the large round head that rolls a little on a short thick neck, is frequently seen in many places where literary people congregate. The author's venerable father, who for several years was United States Consul at Toronto, and then resided near Richmond, Va., with his eldest daughter, Victoria, who married and died there within a brief period, has now returned to his old home at Jefferson, Ashtabula County, O., where he edited for many years the *Sentinel*, once famous as the organ of the Liberty party. The novelist's eldest brother, Joseph, has been editor and publisher for the past twelve years. It was in the *Sentinel* office that William D. Howells learned his earlier trade as compositor.

President Harrison's life will not be a bed of roses if he leaves Mr. Blaine out of the cabinet. This I can assert in a manner which leaves no room for doubt. While in Washington last week I heard two ladies, both of whose husbands are high up in the councils of the Republican party, state that if Mr. Blaine is not offered the State Department portfolio there will be war to the knife, both politically and socially. Every one who knows anything of Washington life is well aware that social warfare there is far more deadly than the most exciting political campaign, so far as it affects officials personally. Many a good and great man has been undone simply because he stood at odds with the society leaders of the Capital. The Blaine crowd in the West end is certainly in the majority, and the Mugwump is nowhere to be found. Already a certain sentiment is rapidly gaining ground that should the magnetic man from Maine be left out in the cold, the Harrisons and their friends will be most unmercifully dealt with. So far as wealth goes the Blaine contingent certainly have three times that of the opposing set and know how to use it to a far better advantage. I think Washington society will furnish material for much gossip this winter.

A Tea-Party in a "Teepee" Among "Bloods."

Ben and I were friends of long standing, not that we were of any particular height, for by straightening our backbones and stretching them to their fullest extent we could each decently cover 5 feet 6. Ben claimed another half inch, but I have my doubts about its existence, and think he tipped up the tape line. However, our companionship was very pleasant to one another, and each had the fullest of the other's confidence.

I was somewhat the older, perhaps more in years than in heart, and by some who hadn't seen me with my harness off, was supposed to be "cross and pious," while Ben was one of those merry mouthed creatures whose lips slip into smiles and eyes pucker up into cheery "looks" whenever they meet a girl or spy out a friend.

Did you ever see the harness taken off a working horse and the veteran let loose awhile to curvet in the open field? How his head goes up in the air, his eye flash bright. The merry uncaught colt goes flying down the paddock by his side, and he with far flung crest takes huge strides, feeling young and free again. It was just in such way with us. I had been in harness for some years, but Ben had never yet been broken in. Often had we talked it over, that should a certain event (which meant a great deal to Ben) come out all right, we'd see a bit of western country before he was put between the shafts.

Well, Ben cleared the obstacle and "passed" the judges, much to his own and my delight, I dropped the "coach" and away we went to the west and to the western seas.

To say we had lots of fun, would be to draw it mild. We always have that wherever we go together, but there was something about this burst of freedom that downed all the others. He was light and I was free, so we shut the door of the world behind us, and went off like a pair of school boys bent upon a lark.

Among other "adventures" that we met upon our way, I remember one which caused us many a smile and certainly was a complete novelty to persons like ourselves accustomed only to sedate tea parties in civilized apartments.

Accompanied by our Mounted Police scout, whom the authorities kindly loaned for our protection, we had been for some days ranging over the prairies of the south western portion of Alberta, and among the ranches in the foothills of the Rockies, when under his guidance we had reached the confines of the largest Indian Reserve in the Territories.

Coltie, the scout, was a likely lad of somewhere about twenty-five, and had that nice combination of lightness of body and length of limb that makes the ideal horseman. Every inch of the country was known to him and whether we "loped" along on the open prairie, where no trail marked the route, or led our horses through steep and shut-in "coulees" he never failed to find his way, or bring us by sun-down to some haven of refuge for the night. This time it was to be somewhere in the "Blood Agency," and just about six we topped the last rising ground that lay between us and shelter. About two miles away in the lower flats through which the river winds its course were the out-story buildings, where lived the Indian Agent and his attendant instructors, in front a kitchen garden, adorned with the radiancy of not a few bright colored flowers, and then a sort of quadrangle formed by the dwellings.

It was near the time for the annual payment of the Indian treaty money, so the members of the tribe had begun to migrate from all parts of the reserves to the headquarters where the distribution would take place, thus the plain all around was dotted with numerous "teepees," the movable home of the Redman, erstwhile the monarch of the plains.

Behind us huge black clouds were billowing up and sweeping down in dark and sharply-defined lines of pelting rain. On these widespread prairies showers can be seen making their way along like gigantic moving walls, though separated from the watcher by miles of distance. Sometimes they pass along, leaving him entirely untouched. But our pursuer was coming fast down upon us, so swinging our leathern "quirts" more vigorously than before, we galloped down the hillsides, and just in time to save our skins, ran ourselves and steeds into the agency stables, some twenty-six miles from our starting-place of the morning.

The freedom of the West is proverbial, but the free and inconsiderate manner with which the wanderer intrudes himself upon the house and hospitality of the few and far between residents of the plains is freedom itself. And yet what cordial reception invariably is given! The best is brought out, a hearty greeting prefaces the hearty sharing of all that the ranchman has at his command and nothing is spared to make the newcomer feel most perfectly at home. If to be "given to hospitality" is a prime requisite and an evidence of fitness for a Bishop "Saint Pock," (the Government Indian Agent) who was our host upon this occasion, is amply qualified to be a Cardinal. The highest rank in the Hierarchy of Hosts is his lowest meed.

After an ample dinner where a prime roast of grass fed beef just off the ranche, and a gigantic cauliflower grown in the neighboring kitchen garden, whose succulent sprouts would have filled a stable bucket, had visibly lessened before our prairie nurtured appetites, we were smoking the calm, digestive evening pipe, when we were asked "would we like to see a 'Tea Dance?'" Would a duck swim? would we who had never seen anything more aboriginal than a "wild west show," or the "real Indians" of Harry Piper's Centennial street parades, would we like to see the dusky damsels of the tribe dance around their own camp fires? Needless to say we gladly would. So the order was sent out to prepare a welcome for the "Great men from the east." Rations of tea were issued, the news was spread through the neighboring camps and we waited awhile until the fun should be fairly under way.

About ten we sallied out into the darkness the jovial "Pock" leading the way. The rain had long since ceased, but heavy clouds shut out the moon and through the blackness we stumbled along toward the teepee of "Strangling Wolf," guided by the fire light which shone through its canvas sides, and by the sound of the "tom-tom," whose monotonous tones heralded the revelry to come. The rest of the tents in the encampment were dark and still, for the Indian wastes no fuel in firelight, and has no other means wherewith to light his home, but we were saved from walking against them by the snaps and snarls of the invariable bands of starveling dogs that crouched around their edge.

Ah, the Indian dog! more bony than a pike; more skinny than an eel! What is his place in the cosmogony of the universe! He seems to live, to starve, and to emulate in cringeing, woebegone attitude, the miserable, aged, wornout squaw, who appears to be his only friend. Yet there must be a certain fairness—an unselfishness of dealing with one another of his race. None seem fatter than the other—were any leaner they would be "skeletons at large," but a certain evenness of angularity pervades them all, evidencing a fairness of division of the crumbs which fall to their lot, that does credit to their hearts but must be sorely against the clamorings their respective appetites. Quite numerous than the Indian themselves, they hover around the encampments; of every shape and size, kind and color, spending their lives either curled up in sleep or arched in snarls.

Lifting the flap which covered the entrance and bending down, Pock disappeared, and each of us in turn following after found ourselves within the charmed circle of the Chieftain's tent, our entree being hailed with a confused clamor of guttural sounds of satisfaction and a more than usual fusillade upon the "tom-tom."

Coming from the outer darkness it took a little while before one's eyes became accustomed to the firelight, and when we had ceased our blinking it was to find Pock installed to the right of the "great man," who himself was ensconced beneath a sort of improvised bower of skins. Upon this canopy were hung decorations of beadwork, ornamented saddles and embroidered saddle-bags, gay quirts, studded with brassheaded nails, fur-trimmed bridles, etc., for the Bloods, being Indians of the plains, are great horsemen, and estimate their wealth by the number of their ponies and in the lavishness of their trappings. In front of him lay out in formal order several native pipes and a little pile of tobacco, and between his knees was the infernal "tom-tom," upon whose expanded head he visited all his surplus energy.

I was duly squatted on his left, and next to me Ben, while the balance of the circle was completed by a confused huddling together of men, women and children, about forty in all, seated on the skins and matting which formed the floor. The center was occupied by a small fire, whose smoke curled lazily upward and found exit through the interlacing tops of the poles which supported the teepee's covering. The chief sat on the further side opposite to the entrance and on either hand of him the lads and elder braves, and an open space of about three feet in width was left around the fire between it and the ring of knees and toes of the assembled guests.

A "tea dance" is particularly the festival of the squaws, and therefore the ladies largely predominated. Ever and anon the squaws in attendance on the fire and the large tins of tea which were being steeped about it would revive its embers with bunches of dried twigs, and in the increased brightness we would get glimpses of old, wrinkled faces, crossed with straggling locks of whitened hair, whose deep-set eyes and fang-like teeth gleamed in the firelight from the back places, under the blankets with which they half concealed their features. The matrons and more mature maidens occupied the foremost seats, and mixed among them were the children—boys and girls—with the free laugh and merry countenance, the gambols and pranks of simplicity's days, all tumbling and tickling, squirming and slipping, in and out among the tangle of limbs, like so many little eels.

At a signal from "Pock" and a short speech by the Chief, which from the bows and handshakings which accompanied it we understood to be a speech of welcome, the fun began. The pipes were gravely filled, lighted and handed around—boys, girls and men taking a pull at them in turn. Pannikins of smoking tea were ladled out from the kettles and drank with a relish, and to an extent that proved it to be an unaccustomed luxury in such bountiful quantity. How the girls laughed and their bright eyes twinkled as, nudging each other, they pledged us with uplifted hands. First one and then another, some boldly, some shyly, but every one in turn claimed our recognition, and to judge by the peals of merriment which accompanied the putting together of their little heads, and the remarks which were chattered about between them, we were being criticised with all the freedom granted to whispers in an unknown tongue.

Their lips moistened and their hearts warmed up, old "Strangling Wolf," with a burst of "ughs" and "umphs" and a furious attack upon the tom-tom, urged them on to song. A low, plaintive refrain was taken up, which rose and fell with a sort of rhythm, but scarcely a musical cadence, being more a sort of intoned recitation than a distinctly-tuned, metrical song.

One maid would proceed for a little while alone, then the others would join in their voices. When the roundelay lagged the old chief would sail in himself, and with rapid rousing sounds wake up their energies.

Beginning at first in low modulations the incantation increased in fervor until at a grand climax the men and young bucks would join in, then jumping to their feet some of the women would plant themselves upon the open space in front of the man they had selected, each as a sort of challenge to the dance. Accepting the call, he too would rise, and then to the clapping of hands, louder and more rapid choruses, and the hurry-scurry of the excited tom-tom, as they say in the play, "the revels would commence." The amount of space at their disposal being so limited has, I suppose, also limited the action of their dance, for the feet are never lifted from the ground. Standing face to face the hands are placed on one another's shoulders, and then rising upon the toes begin a series of simultaneous bobs, generally one long followed by two short, to the time of the accompanying chorus. Oglings, taps upon the cheeks, pressure of the hands increase in fervency until the finish of the set-to is reached in a rousing embrace and kiss.

To refuse to rise in response to such a challege is the extremity of rudeness, and sometimes a happy selection is rewarded by a gift to the judicious maiden of something from his personal adornments by the grateful brave. Two or three couples will be on the floor at once and favorite lads will be called to their feet by several maidens in succession.

Poor Ben, he was set upon from the first—what an advantage these boys have! The waiting girls at the restaurant seek their orders first and linger about their tables last! For them the girls' cards are never "full" and "another dance" is ever slyly kept for their acceptance.

But perhaps we who have been through the mill have our compensations, perhaps it is not always the ripest fruit which falls to them, perhaps we may better select than be selected.

With blushing modesty Ben declined the first advances but being admonished by Pock rose to the proud sense of his duty. Having bobbed in unison with his dusky partner he, much to our amusement, held her strictly at arm's length, and at the conclusion, with adroitness and youthful propriety, avoided her final embrace. It was somewhat of a struggle, but he managed to regain his seat with his downy lips unsullied by the dark one's kiss. But after there had been several rounds, and things were getting fast and furious, he was again called out by the daughter of "Strangling Wolf" himself.

The bobs were faster, the excitement greater, the strains higher than ever before, when at length, in a whirl of ecstasy, the burly Chieftainess, who was by no means good looking but big and bold, with a quick movement threw her arms around his neck, and to the immense satisfaction of the company as well as evidently of herself, planted a home pressed "smack" plump upon Ben's lips!

Would it be telling too much to say that while this was going on, I was engaged behind him in dancing with the prettiest little damsel of them all.

The honor of the tribe had been avenged! The chieftain's lovely daughter had done up the reluctant pale-face!

How sheepish Ben looked and how vigorously he wiped off his lips, while we were almost suffocated with laughter at his discomfiture and at the girl's elation.

This was about the end of it. en declared he had had enough, and so had we. Our sides were tired with laughing, we were almost cooked by the heat and our unaccustomed eyes were weeping with the clouds of pungent smoke.

So with a hand shake from every one as we made our way to the door, we left amidst a circle of kindly expressions and of smiles.

I believe they kept it up a long time after, as long as the tea lasted, but so ended our first tea party among the Bloods.

I don't think Ben will ever forget it, and even now you have only to make a kindly inquiry about Strangling Wolf's daughter to bring down upon you a decisive and energetic expression—Oh! shu-u-t up. VIATOR.

New Brunswick's New Knight.

SIR JOHN C. ALLEN, K. C. M. G.

Whatever may be the opinions as to the desirability of having titles of knighthood in this country, all are agreed that Chief Justice Allen is entitled to all the honors which his new dignity might lend him. Were it a matter of popular vote as to what man in the provinces most deserved distinction of such a nature, it is morally certain that the Chief Justice would have been selected by general consent. His life has been a pure and noble one. He has been equally distinguished as a good citizen, an able lawyer, an exemplary Christian and an upright judge. He is a man who would be a bright and shining light on the bench of the highest courts of any country. His life and his acts have been beyond cavil. He has done his duty and detracted nothing from the lustre shed upon the bench by the able jurists who have preceded him. He has all the manly qualities which should distinguish the true knight. He has lived *sans peur et sans reproche*. His new honors can add nothing to his worth in the eyes of those who have so long known and admired him. May Sir John Campbell Allen long live to wear the title so worthily bestowed.—*St. John, N.B., Progress.*

'Varsity Chat.

The annual conversazione of the Literary Society is announced for Friday, February 15. The Glee Club, which has certainly shown great proficiency on several occasions, will contribute a larger portion of the programme than usual. It is intended, in fact, to make the concert a more characteristically college event than ever before.

*

This is undoubtedly a step in the right direction. Since the establishment of Mr. Torrington's College of Music and the Conservatory, musical entertainments of a very high order have become frequent in this city, and it is no longer possible or even desirable that we should cope with capitalists in such a field.

*

Our friends are invited to an entertainment which will be quite unique, but of which, however, the only merit will not be that it cannot be heard elsewhere.

*

On Monday afternoon the Modern Language Club discussed Thackeray. The programme consisted of essays interspersed with music. Criticism was offered by Lecturers Fraser and Squair and Mr. Chamberlain, the latter eliciting considerable applause by his pointed reference to the fact that from anything which appears on the Curriculum of the Modern Language course one would never suspect Thackeray's existence. But wait till we get that new professor.

*

It is beginning to dawn on many of us that political science, if properly studied, will make a huge draft on student energy. Prof. Ashley lectures four times a week; Mr. Mills each day for an hour or more, according to the length of the hour; on Tuesday Mr. Lash opened fire; and still there's more to follow.

*

It is whispered in the corridors that an effort is being made to obtain the names of those who participated in the hazing row last term, not members of the Non-Hazing Union, of course.

*

I hope no severe action will be taken. There exists not the least ill-feeling amongst the students about the argument, and it will hardly happen again. It is sincerely desired on all sides that the matter will be allowed to drop, or at least that nothing worse be done than the issuing of a warning. NEMO.

He Traveled at Once.

He had been wondering for some time how he could escape from the toils that were gently creeping 'round him, and break the spell of soft converse and witching eyes. An opportunity came at last. As she ended a spirited description of her journey through the Alps, she said, impulsively:

"Oh, Mr. Slopace, I think you ought to travel!"

He looked at her rigidly, rose slowly, and groaned his hat.

"No woman shall say that twice to me," he remarked, in a firm and desperate voice: "I knew it was after eleven o'clock; but I thought—that is—I hoped—no matter. Farewell, Miss Phineweb—I will travel!" And he did, with alacrity.

His Estimate of an Author.

Mr. Thickhead (meeting old acquaintance)—Hello, Pusher, I haven't seen you for an age. What are you driving at now?

Mr. Pusher—(successful author)—I am writing another book.

Mr. Thickhead—Sure enough. I forgot you were a literary man. (Drawing a long breath and shaking his head.) I don't think I'd ever succeed as an author. I lack gall, I suppose. I haven't got enough conceit. They tell me you're coming right to the front, Pusher. Glad to hear it—glad to hear it. Good-by (walking off). He looked mighty glum. What in thunder could I have said to offend him?

GUELDA.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.—CONTINUED.

Uttering these words with frightful volubility, as if her reason was affected, a smouldering fire burning in her dark eyes, which yet seemed glazed by the torpor lately upon her, from which she had roused herself with difficulty, Julie now got up, and hastily, but with unsteady gait, made for the door.

Her former young mistress gave a look of dismay after the woman who went stumbling up stairs.

"Is she ill, or—or can she be tipsy?" said Guelda aloud, seeing a servant-girl of the same who had called Loudon in vain—peeping in from the scullery whence had come the sounds of sobbing.

It was no time to pick words, with the master gone, a boy ill—perhaps dying—up-stairs, and this plague-stricken house seemingly deserted by all but two servants: she must find out at once the whole situation.

"Oh, Miss Seaton, I am glad to see you!" cried the little kitchen-maid, who in its absence unbelieving joy, coming forward and showing a tear-blurred face. "Don't you remember me—Annie Tothill, in the Sunday-school at Sheen—and you gave me a prize? And I was one of the girl-singers in your harvest revels, and then I was engaged last winter to be under the cook at Bindon Abbey; but his lordship swore at the cook and sent her away in a passion when we came here; for indeed she said, being a respectable woman, she could not stand the goings on, and she wouldn't call Mademoiselle Julie 'My lady.' Oh, Miss Seaton, it's awful here!

"Calm yourself, Annie. I am very glad to see a friendly face. Listen—will you help me now to get some barley-water for Master Bertrand? I found him sick on my return."

"I'll make it this instant!"—and Annie dived for a little saucepan.

Guelda had already found some hot water, and even as she spoke was preparing some weak tea and dry toast to alleviate the little sufferer's first wants.

Half an hour was over Bino, after being well attended to, was slightly easier, and Guelda had heard all the circumstances of his illness, besides much else that was passing in the household, from the irrepressible Annie, whose heart seemed bursting to pour out its suppressed feelings.

"I was crying my eyes out for poor little Master Bertrand when you came in," she said artlessly. "I'm just out on hearing his lordship's carriage to tell him that Master Bertrand, only two nights ago—that was the very night Doctor Jobling told him after dinner that the child had small-pox—all the servants left the house too, except me and Ma'mselle Julie. They said they would not wait any more than himself to take infection; and they had been paid their wages only two days before—on the first of the month—so they didn't care. But, oh, if you please, Miss Seaton, there's such a lot of things missing—silver and all I don't know what—and whatever will his lordship say with only me left in the house? But how could I stop him, even if I tried?"

"How indeed, Annie? But surely Julie was in charge?"

Annie gave her young lady a curiously significant look.

Things seemed to have gone wrong with "Ma'mselle's temper lately, she explained, with some reserve. Her master had words with her, and swore, at her very much. Was she kind to Master Bertrand? Oh, yes, after a fashion—kind one minute, and would slap him the next! The poor child was so neglected or wrongly indulged that it made Annie's heart sore to see him, being herself the eldest of ten children, and used to nursing the other six ever since her motherly small arms could grasp a baby's waist. But, when his lordship hurried away, he promised her to send for Julie the next day. He had not done so.

"Then she took to drink to console herself," whispered Annie, staring with wide solemn eyes. "Whilst Julie was tipsified, the other servants almost made a clear sweep of the house and absconded. No one has come near the house since but Doctor Jobling, once a day. Even the tradespeople keep aloof, grumbling because their bills were not paid. So I was in despair when I heard the carriage; but I ran out, hoping his lordship was coming back to set things right. Then he seemed breaking when he turned to asandon that poor boy, as I thought; and I never saw you going up to the front door, like a blessed angel from heaven!" babbled on the brave little maid, who had never once thought of flying from the fatal disease herself. "But please, Miss Seaton, do you not think Julie is taking the small-pox here? Did you notice her flushed her face was!—and she seemed bent in pain and feverish, just the way he was took bad."

"Yes, Annie—yes! Where is Julie? We had better go and see how she is."

This last talk took place about an hour after Guelda's arrival, and while the girls—gentle and simple—were working hard to put the chaos in the house reduced to some kind of order for presents needs.

But, on looking into Julie's room, it was found that she was gone—gone with her very smartest bonnet and jacket, but in haste, leaving her room strewn in the wildest disorder. You let fresh air. There were cooling draughts ready on the table. Guelda was near his pillow.

Order reigned once more in Annie's kitchen, where also a supply of the necessaries of life had again replenished her empty cupboards. For, following Guelda's example to take heart, Annie had made a hurried visit to the village near, where her recital of how the sick-house was abandoned so far touched the tradespeople's good feelings that some supplies were promptly sent—and more might be hoped for.

"Ah, there's kindness in the world when you seem to have least right to expect it! And their accounts never paid!" triumphantly soliloquised Annie. "You see, Miss Seaton, the help is coming from Heaven, I was sure it would, except for Julie yesterday; now you are here, and I am feeling quite light-hearted."

Tear! but, as Guelda herself confessed that night at the dark sky, she was far from light at heart, though she trusted—she did trust that help would come to the poor, forlorn young creatures as they were—in strength being given to herself to bear up, even should her little brother be taken from her.

"He is all I have left to care for!" she murmured, pressing her brow against the window, while in the background the boy's heavy breathing as he moaned and tossed in his uneasy sleep was a constant pain to his sister's ear. All she had left—the plaything of her early years—the charge left to the child-sister by a dying mother—Guelda's care and gladness alike during those past days of toil, yet happiness, under the green oak trees of the forest! Later, how her heart had been wrung by him! No matter now! Then came her hopes and schemes to redeem her boy's inheritance. How idle they seemed! What mattered house, lands, titles in connection with Bino?

"Then if Bindon Sheen Abbey since it passed from its rightful owner to our family!" Guelda sighed. "Where is he to-night, I wonder? Does he think of me?"

CHAPTER XXXV.

Where, indeed, was Ronald Airlie that night as Guelda stood by the dark window of the house in which her little brother lay, perhaps dying, and prayed for her lover's safety?

In his general's tent, thinking of her, penning a hasty letter which a returning messenger had promised to take—it might be the last he would ever write—imploring the only woman he now trusted on earth to save his boy whom he had loved. Had loved? Nay, did! There were the gall and wormwood of his cup of inexpressible bitterness! In spite of her degradation his fallen idol, Bino, Guelda's brother, had yet replaced by another—she was still the one woman on earth for him. He could not hate the man, either, who he believed had grievously wronged him—Islay, his more than brother.

So, while Guelda prayed that he might be guarded from bullet and spear-thrust, that some day she might yet see him—"Once more—if only once!"—he was hastening, with what terrible difference of thought from her, to face death. Had she but known it!

Far, far away a great column of camels, swift and stealthy from long practice, was thrown in a long shadow over the moonlit desert. For miles around lay a reddish gravelly plain under the moon's rays, only relieved in its barren monotony by occasional coarse grass and a few mimosa-bushes. The dark forms huddled on the camels' backs in indistinct outline were strange riders in such scenes. No Arabs they, but simple Kentish or Devon or Yorkshire bred men, or it might be that Scotland's mountains or Ireland's green pastures were the scenes their eyes first knew.

Near the head of the column rode Ronald Airlie, silently star-gazing. Venus and the Southern Cross, the Bear, and the Pleiads stared back at him—new friends and old. A cold wind chilled him through and through, for, while he remained with their heavy military coats, he had left his to cover more warmly a sick friend.

"No matter! To-morrow I shall be hot enough and to spare with the burning heat reflected up from this desert—that is to say, if I live through the day," he reflected grimly. His heart was colder—what should warm it? It seemed dead within him; little matter if his body died too! At times a painful thought made the man clench his teeth, while an angry light glittered in his eyes. That such shameful words should be uttered of her—Guelda! False or true! Oh, Heaven! Even if true, he longed to force down the throats of the dastards who dared to spread the dishonor.

"She was so pure, so beautiful, so good!" he murmured, with a sob strangled in his throat.

Now the column was moving through a different country, where grew tall sun-grass and thorny scrub. Dawn was nearing, and all were wearied after the heavy night-march, following on the sharp fighting and privations of the forgetting days. The Emir's messengers roar went up from tired camels, no longer silent, and their angry native drivers. The noise could be heard miles away, and the enemy was behind yonder low hills.

The fierce glare of day had come at last, beating down scorchingly on the column formed in a little square, with its centre of baggage—which surely could close round and overwhelm by numbers the little living quadrangle—came the sound of a drum-humming from the air.

Suddenly the banners advanced, borne by the sheikhs on horseback. Like a triple phalanx, with terrible force the white dark mass hurled itself against the little square. Shot of fire answered steady defiance. The wave of onslaught seemed to pause, to scatter and slowly retreat. Left behind, the ground could be traced by a high-heaped crest of dead or dying men. They were beaten!

No! They had only moved to take up fresh ground, and in a few minutes—it seemed even less—they had thrown themselves again, with the almost irresistible shock of numbers, upon the rear of the small close formed band that stood shoulder to shoulder. What had happened? What meant that wild cry? The square had given way at one weak point! They were!

In as quiet a voice as if the Guards were on parade for a Queen's birthday in London, Airlie spoke to his men. Steadily he was obeyed; another second or two, and they were in the thick of a desperate hand-to-hand conflict with the strong dusky Arabs of the desert, flanned rifles and sword-cuts, and bare steel. Here a British soldier flung down his gun, with bitter curses upon the weak weapon, and bit the dust, bludgeoned, unable to defend himself. There another gave quarter to a wounded foe thrust through with bayonets, who writhed upward from the ground to deal a parting blow in answering treachery, and die with a smile, believing himself secure of Paradise by that Christian's wound! Everywhere, the dead lay around were sickening sights and sounds of carnage, such as modern civilised warfare seldom knows. But, with men's blood at boiling-point, it all seemed as natural as the most bloody and horrible fights of Greek or Roman days.

A young Emir—a noble figure—was foremost of all to ride into the square, bearing his banner and chanting his prayers. His horse was shot, and fell dead under him; but, almost unhurt, he struggled forward to attack Ronald Airlie, whom his quick eye had singled out as the bravest foeman there. Behind the Arab chief thronged a swarm of fierce wearthy visages, up by fanaticism's light. For the moment Airlie was alone, separated from his comrades. The Emir's spear had grazed his side, making a long flesh-wound; but with his left hand Airlie had grasped it and run the Emir through the body with his sword.

For a few seconds both men stood thus. The Arab was transfixed; his English foeman could not withdraw his weapon.

Then, with a wild cheer, some of the Guards rushed forward to the defence of their officer, and bore back the press of the Arabs. A last desperate effort, and the square was once more; the enemy was in retreat. But that night and for many more Ronald Airlie lay helpless from his wound and with fever in the zereba.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Yes, he is better, Doctor Jobling. But, oh, what a terrible shock it was to me to see him—my little Bertrand! Nevertheless, weak though he is, we owe his recovery to you; and I thank you for your care and help with my whole heart!"

"You—you overpower me, Miss Seaton! I—'pon my honor, I did awfully little—my best of course; but a fellow like me, who has been going to the deuce—I beg your pardon!—for months back, gets out of practice. Anything I could do was a pleasure; and, when all is said all, the whole business has been a sinful shame from the beginning, and I am sorry from my heart I ever was in it!"

A month had elapsed since Guelda had joined her brother; and the days of miracles seemed hardly past when Miss Seaton and the sporting country doctor were thus addressing each other almost as friends—certainly with gratitude on the one side, heart-felt contrition, though expressed in stammering tones and with little blushes of confusion, on the other.

For Jobling, who was staying with some joyful spirits in the neighborhood—being a friend of Lady Fane's—had called upon his patron Loudon, and so thinking it better to absent himself from the riverside house for a while, had gone in on the day after Guelda's arrival, "just to see how the boy was getting on." He was a little sore at not finding his patron in and giving him a fresh commission. No doubt Loudon had got down some London swell, he said loudly, when his friends chaffed him on the subject. Still, for the sake of appearances, he would not return to London in want of a sovereign or two, made his awkward visit, hoping to be either employed under the supposed swell or to have it proved to be false was so. His horror on finding the little boy, whom he looked on as a favorite plaything, utterly abandoned by Loudon was genuine.

Guelda, bending by her brother's pillow, struck him—"all of a heap," as he expressed it in the most beautiful sight he eyes had ever rested on. Jobling had never seen Miss Seaton before; and from that moment he worshipped her. Night and day he devoted himself to the little Bertrand through, without one thought of reward except a look or a word of thanks from the beautiful girl which would set his foolish heart beating wildly.

After all he was a weak but not a bad-hearted fellow. Heaves, he thought to himself with dismay, that he could ever have been induced by Loudon to be prepared to certify that she was of unsound mind! He trusted devoutly she did not guess it.

"What a mercy of Providence that you did not take the infection, Miss Seaton?" he said, humbly.

"Yes," replied Guelda, absently, "and I was so cold and hungry after my long drive, too."

"A drive! How was that? Why did you not come by train?"

"I cannot tell you why Lord Loudon made me drive all the way; it tired me a good deal."

"Did he know you were cold, hungry, tired?" asked Jobling, with almost startling keenness.

Then, as Guelda answered in the affirmative, the honest man's face, and the fine features lit up with honest rage as he exclaimed:

"The villain—I remember now! I have done with him—I wash my hands of him!"

"What do you mean, Doctor Jobling? Pray explain yourself! I must go to Bertrand soon; I have been away a quarter of an hour, and he will miss me."

"Why, I mean this, Miss Seaton—that your uncle is a fiend—there! On the very evening I first told him of your brother's danger, I drove from the house, he asked me what was the best way to avoid taking it. So, thinking he was in a blue fright, I told h m, if any one was exposed, or wanted food, or wanted to be kept, he never be, why, ten to one they'd take it; but otherwise nobody need be so mortally afraid."

"I know no doubt you are right—he would! I should be the next victim," said Guelda, with a faint smile. "Both Bertrand and I are in his debt, I suppose, Doctor."

However, little Bertrand was still living after the worst of his illness and a relapse that was almost as dangerous—only his sister's devoted nursing had saved him so far. But, as he lay on the sofa, a shrunken shadow of his former puny self, his large black eyes constantly following his sister's movements about the room, he was as fragile as the pale spring-flowers now pushing upward in the garden beneath the window, and Annie knelt to him and privately shook their heads, knowing that an east wind or the least shock must nip his tender life—he could not last long. Guelda knew it too, but was ever the thought, Time enough to grieve when it must be so! Till then she could still soothe and cherish the ailing little boy.

Often the little fellow's mind wandered. Then he babbled of the happy days when they lived in the tumble-down cottage together—of tumbling in the hay, of his wanderings in the forest—of the trees and the mossy paths, the birds' nests and wild flowers.

"We will go back together and see the forest again some day, Bertrand," once said Guelda tenderly, when his mind seemed clearer. Perhaps he may live so long—perhaps.

"I don't know. I feel so tired," said the little fellow languidly. "Why don't you call me 'Bino,' as you used?"

"I thought you did not like that childish name, dear."

The great dark eyes wandered with a look of trouble to his sister's face.

"That was in my bad days, when I was so unkind to you," murmured the boy. "Oh, Guelda, I was so much worse than you went away! But now he's gone, and we will be friends again, won't we?"

"Yes, indeed, my poor little Bino!"

To the sister's heart it was a sweet reconciliation, though late.

Then came a day, after nearly five weeks of anxiety, when Guelda felt a sense of great relief, however slight. She began to ask herself where she had best take Bino. "He needs a change from here. Doctor Jobling says change is the only chance," she said to herself, then sighed. On the day before she had written for the first time to Islay's lawyers, asking for help out of the sum placed in their hands at her service when wanted. No use thinking of pride! She must think of him now, poor boy! Perhaps it was the last time.

A noise below-stairs; a man's voice speaking loudly; a blast of cold air that made the sick child shiver; and Annie's voice strongly raised in pleading entreaty! Then the door of Bertrand's room was roughly pushed open, and Loudon stood on the threshold.

"Well, old boy—so you are better, eh?" he said, bestowing only a nod of recognition on Guelda. "Disinfected and all that? Well, wake up and look sharp! I've come to take you straight away with me. You'll like that. You want a bit of rousing and some jollity—no more gruel from sisters."

"You shall not take Bertrand away. I am his nearest relative, and he wishes to stay with me," said Guelda quietly, she as stepped between the intruder and the sofa on which Bino lay.

The boy gave a little frightened whimper as Loudon spoke, but never answered, his large black eyes staring with a helpless fascinated look at the man above him.

"Shall not! Do you dare to try to step again between me and my child? I instruct you, mingling on the girl. His sallow-complexioned face looked paler than ever, there was a harder setting about his square jaws, and his shifting eyes had a more defiant glance of uncomfortable suspicion—or was it hatred? "What right have you to interfere? If I turned you both out of doors you might lie in the ditch; and I will too, if you say another word! Rights indeed! Who would back you up in having any rights against your brother's—you, who have disgraced your own name!"

"Shut up, you villain—I'll back her!" came in a thin excited treble from behind; and, to his parents' astonished horror, their pampered glaring weak eyed rebellion. "I'm ready to certify, if you touch that boy, it's at the risk of his life; and I'm his doctor, and I refuse to allow it."

"You, you ninny—you wretched whiteliver! Why, you've been living off my grounds like a beggar for months, and now you dare to cross me!" uttered Loudon in fury.

"Oh, Guelda, Guelda, keep me from him—keep me with you!" cried Bertrand, his weak small voice agonized with terror.

Guelda had sprung to her little brother's side to hold him from their enemy, and stood upright, passionately, beautifully defiant.

"Stand back—you shall not touch the boy! she cried, quaking from head to foot, while her face, despairing, set, was turned to Loudon. "Doctor Jobling, keep him off!" burst from her lips, in a gasp almost of despair, for, if nothing else kilted the boy, this excitement too surely would.

Suddenly a great light dawned in her eyes. She gave an hysterical laugh, looking at the open door.

"You are come in time—all of you! Thank Heaven! Grizel—Ronald—Sir Julian—you will all help me!"

Loudon started violently and looked over his shoulder. His blustering loud anger had drowned the footsteps of visitors outside, who, after ringing in vain, had entered by the outer door which he had carelessly left standing open. He turned to encounter a stranger's grey, cool eyes, and a tall form that seemed to dwarf his own, and a pair of strong hands that seemed to crush them and out of the room as they entered.

"Hallo—wait a minute! Why, by Jove, it's—it's you, my friend! I forget your name, but I know you well enough," interrupted Sir Julian Inglis with a searching look, catching Loudon by the arm.

Muttering a curse in answer, Loudon flung him off.

"Julie, stop him—help me! He's an impostor!" exclaimed the old diplomatist.

"Hush," replied Ronald softly and in haste—"the boy is dying!"

Guelda had flung herself upon her knees beside the sofa without a word to the others, swiftly seeing only a terrible change on the sick boy's face.

"You are safe, Bino—don't be frightened—you are safe now! He is gone!" she faltered. "Darling, little Bertrand, through," without thought of reward except a look or a word of thanks from the beautiful girl which would set his foolish heart beating wildly.

After all he was a weak but not a bad-hearted fellow. Heaves, he thought to himself with dismay, that he could ever have been induced by Loudon to be prepared to certify that she was of unsound mind! He trusted devoutly she did not guess it.

"What a mercy of Providence that you did not take the infection, Miss Seaton?" he said, humbly.

"Yes," replied Guelda, absently, "and I was so cold and hungry after my long drive, too."

"A drive! How was that? Why did you not come by train?"

"I cannot tell you why Lord Loudon made me drive all the way; it tired me a good deal."

"Did he know you were cold, hungry, tired?" asked Jobling, with almost startling keenness.

Then, as Guelda answered in the affirmative, the honest man's face, and the fine features lit up with honest rage as he exclaimed:

"The villain—I remember now! I have done with him—I wash my hands of him!"

"What do you mean, Doctor Jobling? Pray explain yourself! I must go to Bertrand soon; I have been away a quarter of an hour, and he will miss me."

"Why, I mean this, Miss Seaton—that your uncle is a fiend—there! On the very evening I first told him of your brother's danger, I drove from the house, he asked me what was the best way to avoid taking it. So, thinking he was in a blue fright, I told h m, if any one was exposed, or wanted food, or wanted to be kept, he never be, why, ten to one they'd take it; but otherwise nobody need be so mortally afraid."

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However, little Bertrand was still living after the worst of his illness and a relapse that was almost as dangerous—only his sister's devoted nursing had saved him so far. But, as he lay on the sofa, a shrunken shadow of his former puny self, his large black eyes constantly following his sister's movements about the room, he was as fragile as the pale spring-flowers now pushing upward in the garden beneath the window, and Annie knelt to him and privately shook their heads, knowing that an east wind or the least shock must nip his tender life—he could not last long. Guelda knew it too, but was ever the thought, Time enough to grieve when it must be so! Till then she could still soothe and cherish the ailing little boy.

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house in Park Lane, half uneasy, yet trying to be thankful to examine himself as a friend, as he asked after Miss Seaton. The last time he called he was overpowered by being told that Lady Grizel Airlie wished to see him in her boudoir.

"My friend Miss Seaton has asked me to thank you in her name for all your kindness and devotion to her little brother and herself; and we hope you will accept what is due to you for your friendly services," said Lady Grizel.

"What—all that!" stammered the young man, blushing to his ears, as Grizel put a little roll in his hand. "No, no, I could not—indeed, my lady, not in conscience! I never attended expecting anything—not any fees, your ladyship—indeed I did not!

His eyes glistened with a hungry expression nevertheless as he looked at the notes, though he put the money aside. Grizel noticed the look, and in a flash of insight comprehended it, as also the pale pinched appearance of the wretched youth, his frayed shirt-cuffs and his coat, which was much worn here and there.

"The labourer is worthy of his hire," she said, with kindly pity, insisting on his taking the money with a dignity not to be resisted. "The best of physicians could hardly have done better than you did—so Miss Seaton desired me to tell you. She says, if you only keep to your profession, you may yet have a fine career before you."

Guelda had indeed feebly dictated the thoughtful message from her room, where she still lay, feeling weak and giddy when she tried to rise, and tired by the least exertion of mind or body.

Jobling's little pig-eyes glistened.

"Tell her that I'm going back to the shop—I beg pardon, the business—this very afternoon, and that I'm resolved to stick to it, and see if I can't do as well as she thinks of me. She'll be pleased to hear that! If ever I do come to any good," he added, with what Lady Grizel thought almost a manlike sob—but then poor Jobling felt very dejected and of small account—"if I do turn out anything like a help to my old father, it will be owing to the words she said to me one night as we were sitting up with little Bertrand. She spoke to me of my life, and seemed to put it so clearly before me—how I'd been wasting my health and chances fooling and drinking with Loudon. I told her how hard dropped me for my pains. I don't care a rap for him now, though—not since I've been enabled to see what stuff a lord is made of. You'll tell her I'm going back to work?"

Grizel promised to do so, and the young sporting doctor departed, a wiser if sadder man than he was some weeks before.

Another visitor, stout and big and red-faced, with flaxen hair and moustache, and a Teutonic accent, daily inquired for "Miss Zeaton." No one perhaps was more genuinely happy to know of her safety, and that she was sheltered by friends, than good Herr Schultz.

As to Arlie, he listened with almost angry impatience to all these proofs of genuine kindly feeling in such humble individuals for the girl he loved.

"And I have done less for her than these two did—I can do no more for her now!" He blamed himself bitterly for ever having doubted her for an instant. True, it was not his fault that he had left her alone and unprotected—that in many a weary night-watch he had endured such poignant maddening anguish. "But I ought to have trusted her!" he exclaimed, in self-reproach.

And now Arlie longed to comfort his poor love, counted the hours till he might have the chance of seeing her again, of hearing that voice which was sweetest music in his ears. But still he had never yet asked to see her!

It struck Grizel as odd, certainly, that her cousin should lounge aimlessly for hours in the boudoir, or in Islay's smoking-room, looking restless, miserable, expectant, inquiring daily, in a constrained voice, if Guelda was better—when would she be able to come down-stairs! And yet he never said, "Wean may I see her!"

"Perhaps he knows he cannot just yet," was her ladyship's lame conclusion.

Up-stairs, Guelda seemed as restless, as troubled as himself, on the several occasions when Lady Grizel tried the experiment of cheering her by saying—

"Ronald is here as usual again to-day, asking how you are getting on. He himself is looking better, poor fellow! You must be quick and get well to come down and see him."

Guelda would only turn her head round a little, burying it almost out of sight in the pillow, while a red spot burned on her cheek.

"Soon," she would murmur—"I shall soon be better. You are all very good to me."

"I don't understand lovers. What do these two mean? Could anybody make out what they want except themselves?" said Grizel brusquely to herself.

But one day, when for the first time Guelda seemed a little stronger, she surprised her friendly nurse by asking in a weak voice:

"How is poor Julie? Has she recovered from her dreadful illness?"

"She is getting on pretty well, though she had a terrible relapse, and was so weak when first I saw her that she had very small hope of herself. She took the smallpox in its worst form," replied Lady Grizel.

"You said she had made a confession of some kind—please tell me about it now."

Grizel was nothing loath. She hoped the tale would stir her sick friend's thoughts, and fire Guelda with renewed animation against her so-called uncle.

Her story was brief though succinct. Passing through a ward of patients in the first stage of recovery from small-pox, in one of the hospitals she daily visited, she heard with surprise her own name feebly called. Grizel approached the narrow bed, on which lay a middle-aged dark-haired woman, so terribly marked by the ravages of the disease in its confluent type that she could n't recall the features as at all familiar. Before she could speak, however, the sufferer broke forth in French, with a weak-voiced but anxious volubility painful to hear.

"You do not know me, miladi—no—no! Ah, this *maudite* disease! But otherwise you would surely remember Julie—poor Julie—who was the maid of your friend Miss Seaton? You used to come so often into her room at Sheen Abbey, miladi, that I knew you well by sight."

Then, on being remembered, if not recognized, the unhappy woman caught at Lady Grizel's hand with weak feverish fingers. She was dying, she was convinced. In any case the tortures of her conscience were not to be endured. Ah, *ciel*, when she thought, during her hours of terrible illness, of her poor young mistress and the miseries she was perhaps undergoing! And to know it was all owing to that monster—that villain! Julie raised her clasped hands with a gesture invoking from Heaven such signal vengeance, with a look so malignant—so awfully bitter in its sense of being wronged—that Lady Grizel, as she watched her, felt alarmed.

"Who is he? Of whom are you speaking?" she asked, wondering that Guelda's sufferings should touch this women so deeply. "You mean her uncle perhaps—Lord Loudon?"

"Her uncle—yes!" retorted Julie, her sallow face flushing a dark red, her weak shrill voice full of indescribable scorn and loathing while her words poured forth rapidly. "Lord Loudon, forsooth! Ha, ha—a fine lord indeed! But he has enjoyed himself long enough with his grand title and his carriage and servants. Yes—servants! He should have given me my proper rank and place, and not cajoled me into keeping quiet for his sake and remaining like a servant, and then afterwards deserting me! Do you comprehend? He left me—me, who should be his wife—to crawl here like a dog, and die, for aught he cared, though he knew I had taken this infection, while he only laughed in his heart and hurried away to Paris, knowing I was too feeble to follow. Only for that—bah, who knows?—I might be wicked enough to keep silence. But no! It all came upon me in those long dreadful hours. The secret is too heavy on my soul. I must confess it all, or I shall not be allowed to live. It is a punishment—you understand—from Heaven."

"Tell it then, and live," exhorted Lady Grizel, excited beyond herself. She had never seen such tragic hatred or so pitiful an attempt to drive a hard bargain with supreme justice even on one's supposed death-bed. "His wife! What can you mean?"

"Yes—yes—yes! He is not Lord Loudon at all, the miserable wretch! His name is—But no matter; he was courier, a valet—there! I have been his slave and tool, and done his work long enough. He has duped and deserted me! Ah, he did—the ruffian!"

Exhausted by her own violence, the woman lay back, unable to speak more. One of the nurses came up, and for the patient's good put a stop to further conversation. Lady Grizel pleaded, however, to ask one question: Could Julie tell her anything of Miss Seaton? The weak answer gave her information of the villa—of Guelda's arrival there to nurse her little brother. Then she met Ronald with her news.

It was not until a second visit that Grizel was able to elicit more. This time Julie was stronger, therefore rather more afraid of worldly consequences than of Heaven's justice. She was sullen too. It needed some coaxing and a whisper of solid monetary advantages to induce her to break her silence.

Then the woman told that Loudon's right name was Bauer. Long ago he had been valet for a short time to Mr. Robert Seaton; then he was courier or valet with several other masters. Julie had known him for some years. There was an attachment between them which had evidently been deep on her side, and lasted whilst it was pleasant or profitable on his.

When Julie was acting as maid to her young mistress, Miss Seaton, she met her old lover Bauer again in London. Their intercourse was renewed, and mutual gossip upon old Lord Loudon's domestic matters past and present, together with a careless remark once made by the valet that he himself had been supposed to have a curious resemblance to the dead Robert Seaton, originated the germ of the plot. In which mind it first sprang to birth she could not say. But through part of the London season and down in the country it was being slowly matured. Bauer, carefully disguised, used to watch old Lord Loudon when riding with his granddaughter in the park—so Julie affirmed—studying him in order to copy his air and gestures, so that they should seem hereditary.

Julie it was who warned him that the old man's health was breaking up—so she knew from Lord Loudon's confidential servant Hills, though this, by her devoted grandfather's express orders, was carefully concealed from Guelda. Julie, again, used to draw the unsuspecting old butler out a hundred times to tell his stories of Master Robert and Master Bertrand, so that the false heir should arrive ready primed. Her woman's wit had neglected no means. Lastly, she had shammed illness when her young mistress left for Scotland after the harvest revels. Lord Loudon had shown several signs of failing mind and memory, with threatenings of the stroke that overtook him.

The plot was ripe. It succeeded even beyond the expectations of the accomplices. That was all.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Yes, that is all!" remarked Guelda, turning round on her pillow with a deep sigh. "Now that my little Bertrand is gone, what does it matter to me who this man is?"

"Heavens above! What does it matter? Why, everything—at least, a great deal, you dear foolish child!" said Lady Grizel affectionately, but in a rousing voice. "You are now sole heiress to your grandfather—the rightful mistress of Sheen!"

"I—is that really so? I did not think of it before—my head is so weak. But what signify riches for only me? I have no strength or spirit left to fight this man for myself, dear Grizel. He is in possession; he will resist to the uttermost. It would be a long weary action, and I have no money and no heart in the mat er. Why should I attempt it? Better let him keep it."

"Guelda, I do not seem to know you! Where is your courage, your pride in your family, your sense of duty? If Sheen is yours by right, are you justified in leaving this ex-valet, this common felon, to gamble and drink it away, and bring misery on so many honest dependants? Be brave—be strong! If not for your own sake, surely you owe this to Ronald Airlie!"

Guelda sprang half up as if touched by an electric thrill; two red spots burned in her cheeks.

"For Ronald! True—you are right! For his sake—not my own! To give him back the old place that belonged to his forefathers! You have roused me, indeed, Grizel. I thank you from my heart!"

"It is not quite likely that Ronald Airlie will accept the gift without the giver, my dear," said Lady Grizel drily, with a little smile.

"That is all over. I gave him up for his own sake; and now who knows but that he may believe those dreadful hints in the papers, and not care, not want——" And with these words poor Guelda, in desperation, burst out crying, with such piteous sobs in her weakness that Lady Grizel was half frightened, yet deeply touched.

"As if he ever could have believed such rubbish!" she cried, with fine indignation, and then secretly hoped she might be forgiven the affectionate dissimulation. "Why, my poor dear, he is on thorns at this moment! You sent him away; well, it is for you to call him back. He is not rich, and you are, or ought to be, an heiress: so rejoice for his sake."

And, after some time, and with many more such words, she comforted Guelda, who looked so pale, so woe-begone with her lovely hair pushed back from her soft pale features and her mouth trying vainly to quiver into a smile, that her friend's heart smote her for allowing the invalid-girl so to disturb herself. Downstairs she spoke presently a few straightforward words to her cousin, which ended thus—

"I believe in my heart that Guelda is fretting herself ill for your sake, Ronald. Don't let this go on——"

"She will be a great heiress most likely, and I am only a poor invalided soldier, with nothing but a medal to recommend me," said Airlie despondingly, with a slight flush of poverty's pride on his bronzed face, which had otherwise little natural color yet.

"How selfish you men are! Oh, Ronald, consider her and not your pride!" his cousin replied in vehemence. "Besides," she added, with a grave deliberation, "Sir Julian says, if the Loudon case is to be won at all for Guelda, some staunch friend must advise and support and guide her. Who could do that so well as yourself—when you are her husband? Very likely however—no matter what Julie swears, and even in spite of Sir Julian's recognising Bauer's face—no jury would give a verdict against the man whom Lord Loudon recognized as his son."

"It is a shameful imposition! Yes, for Guelda's sake it must and shall be fought! Why should she be persecuted with low impudent fellow?" exclaimed Ronald, his blood boiling as he remembered how he himself had been insulted and turned out of Sheen by the menial who presumed to love Guelda—Guelda, Airlie's cherished love—with the familiarities of an uncle.

Lady Grizel smiled a little queerly to herself when alone.

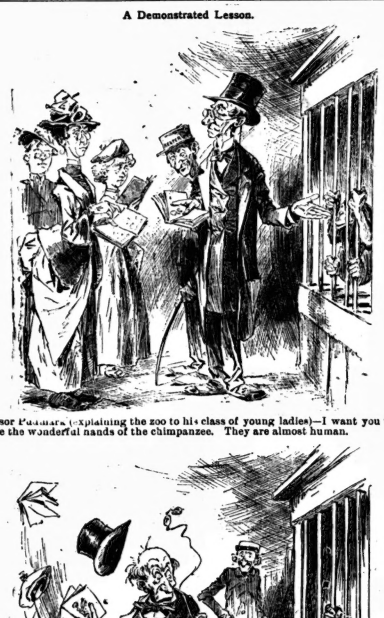
"Humph! What queer creatures we men and women are," she reflected—especially lovers!

"'But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them
They make enow themselves to vex them.'

Here were these two quite ready to make themselves miserable for nothing! But I flatter myself I have brought them together again at last. Heigh ho! How strange if I should do it after all!"

Woman like, she could not resist imparting the recital of her efforts to Sir Julian, who rubbed his hands.

A Demonstrated Lesson.



Professor Pullmans (explaining the zoo to his class of young ladies)—I want you to particularly notice the wonderful hands of the chimpanzee. They are almost human.

The Chimpanzee (to himself)—Put it there, pro!—*Judge.*

"Capital, capital! What *finesse!* Ah"—regretfully—"what a splendid diplomatist you would have made!"

"They must meet to-morrow," declared Lady Grizel, with decision. "I have settled it all! but Guelda must not know beforehand. She is to be carried into the boudoir for a change—she is so weak, poor girl!"

Next day indeed the two met who loved each other best of all on earth, but had been almost, not quite, held back from owning it this second time after their first parting. Ronald was kneeling on one knee beside the sofa on which Guelda lay. How pale she looked in her black mourning robes! Her face was so pure and exquisite in its soft pallor—an ivory carving, a living snowdrop, a creature made of something more fragile and ethereal than ordinary flesh and blood! Airlie felt with a great rush of pity and tenderness that he had never loved her so greatly before; deeply as his heart had been stirred, he felt a protecting, devoted reverence for this fair girl now, in her weakness, which was far higher than even his first impassioned love and admiration. She was to him like a holy thing—the best of himself.

"And do you really love me, and believe in me as much as ever, in spite of the unkind slanders of the world?" Guelda was asking in her low tones, with intense earnestness.

Her lovely brown eyes, with the warm, almost tawny glow that matched her hair, were looking, as it were, into Ronald's very soul.

"Do I love you as well, my darling? I love you as I loved you on the first day we met in the forest—only a hundred times better! I trust you as I told you then I would trust you—only a hundred times more!"

"Ah, what a happy thing life seems, after all!" murmured Guelda, leaning her head back upon her cushions with a pale but blissful smile upon her lips. She felt almost faint with this well-nigh too great ecstasy; and yet it was chastened and subdued by the sorrow that had lately befallen her.

"What you two have to do is just to keep quiet and get perfectly well. Your wound is not healed yet, Ronald, so pray don't keep exciting yourself about this wretched impostor of a Lord Loudon," announced Lady Grizel Airlie one day, standing dictatorially over the pair of lovers she had once so bitterly envied. But now there was only friendliness sparkling in her black eyes—a shade of good-humored impatience, as with such fond foolishness, curling her proud lip.

"Exactly so!" chimed in Sir Julian Inglis, who was beaming upon them all three with quite a fatherly smile. "Of course this fellow defies us now, entrenched as he is in possession of Loudon House; but wait till Islay comes back. Then we shall all see the fight begin in good earnest. Depend upon it, he'll come back all right with the proofs."

How little could any of them guess beforehand in what manner Islay should come back! Yes, he was coming; but, alas, how!

(To be Continued.)

Men Who Rule Europe

The present Emperor of Germany is William II. He is 29 years of age.

The Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, is 58 years of age, and has worn the imperial crown for forty years.

The reigning Prince of Montenegro is Nicholas I., who is 47 years old, and has reigned for twenty-eight years.

The King of Portugal, Luis I., is 50 years old, and is a man of enterprise and progress. He has been for twenty years a king.

The Emperor of Russia, Alexander III., is 43 years of age, and ascended the throne after the murder of his father, seven years ago.

The President of the French Republic, M. Carnot, is 51 years of age, and was elected to office in December, 1887, as successor to M. Grevy.

The Sovereign or Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid II., is 46 years old, and succeeded to the throne twelve years ago, when the Sultan who preceded him was deposed.

The King of Servia, Milan I., is 44, and was crowned only six years ago, but before that he had held the throne for fourteen years by election as Prince Milan Obenovich IV.

The King of Sweden and Norway, Oscar II., is in his 60th year, and has reigned for sixteen years. He is a fairly liberal monarch, and has proved some reforms during his reign.

The King of Roumania, Carol I., is 40 years of age, and was proclaimed king only seven years ago, but for fourteen years before that time he had been chief of the Roumanians.

Relics of a Stuart.

The Prince of Wales recently paid a private visit to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and replaced in the vault containing the coffin of Charles I. certain relics of that monarch which had been removed during some investigations more than seventy years ago. These relics having ultimately come into the possession of the Prince of Wales, his Royal Highness decided, with the sanction of the Queen, to replace them in the vault from which they had been taken, but not to disturb the coffin of the King.

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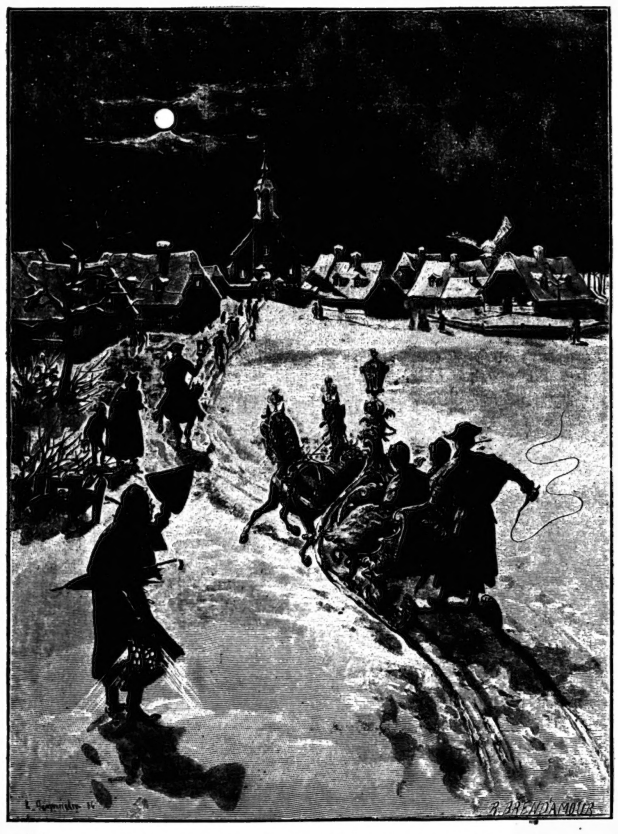

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Military Ball at Cobourg.

This year the officers of the 40th Northumberland Battalion decided instead of their usual annual dinner at headquarters to extend their hospitalities to a wider circle and give a ball in the Victoria Opera House at Cobourg on the evening of January 11. Cards were issued to about six hundred invited guests and vigorous exertions were put forward to make the necessary preparations and arrangements as complete as possible.

The main floor of the hall which was put in splendid condition was reserved for dancing and seats were conveniently placed on the raised portions under and upon the galleries for the use of those who preferred to quietly watch those more actively engaged in the graceful and charming amusement.

The wide doors on either side opened into spacious and comfortably furnished anterooms, but the most attractive and novel feature of all was the stage, which was cleverly transformed into a veritable Regimental Headquarters in Camp by the erection of a large marquee with the front side curtain removed. This was handsomely carpeted and furnished in an appropriate style with comfortable seats, handsome tables and lamps and flowers in abundance.

On either side, at the head of the broad crimson covered steps leading from the main floor to the marquee, was a stack of rifles with fixed bayonets supporting the colors of the regiment and guarded by a well equipped color-sergeant posted on the floor below, while overhead was represented the device and motto of the 40th Excelsior Battalion. The front of the balconies was artistically draped and festooned, and upon the walls were many and handsome flags effectively arranged.

At nine o'clock the guests began to arrive. They were received at the west entrance door by Captain Hugh C. Dennis, president of the mess and hon. secretary, they were then conducted to the headquarters tent, where they were received and welcomed by Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Rogers, Major and Brevet Lieut.-Col. Gravely, Mrs. Gravely and Mrs. Dennis. When about two hundred had arrived dancing was commenced and was kept up with scarcely any interruption till after three o'clock.

Supper was served, through the courtesy of the Masonic order, in their supper room, and was supplied by the ladies of the town, who contributed much beyond the requirements of the occasion. Through the excellent management of Mrs. Dennis, who most kindly undertook the oversight of that department, all the arrangements were carried out without the least trouble or inconvenience.

Corlett's full orchestra from Toronto furnished music for the merry makers. Twenty dances filled up the programme and when that came to an end it then began again. The scarlet uniforms of the officers mingling with the vari-colored dresses of the ladies produced kaleidoscopic contrasts that were exceedingly pretty. The ladies' costumes were bewitching in their loveliness. Among the most conspicuous were: Miss Armour, heliotrope Indian muslin and heliotrope flowers and ribbons; Miss Boswell, black silk; Mrs. H. H. Burnham, pink satin and diamonds; Miss Burnham, light blue plush; Mrs. G. M. Clarke, black lace; Miss Fraser, pink nun's veiling and cream roses; Miss Clara Field, black lace; Miss Forde, black velvet and white feathers; Mrs. Col. Graveley, heliotrope silk and diamonds; Mrs. Hollingshead, fawn silk velvet and diamonds; Mrs. Alex. R. Hargraft, electric blue plush; Mrs. Holland, black lace and cream roses; Miss McCallum, pink satin; Mrs. Riddell, white satin and lace; Miss Rogers, white silk; Miss Cora Proctor, white satin and crimson plush train; Mrs. Snellgrove, cream satin and roses in profusion; Miss Weller, black lace and cream roses; Mrs. Dennis, cream brocade silk and feathers.

The general opinion of those competent to judge, is that it was the most brilliant and successful entertainment held here since the grand ball given at the same place to H. R. H. The Prince of Wales, 28 years ago.

Personal.

Mr. Frederick Jewell, who has been on a Northern tour for the past month, has returned to the city.

Capt. Beatty of the Toronto Field Battery was one of the prime favorites with the ladies at the 40th Battalion ball at Cobourg the other night.

The Vingt et Un Club have issued invitations for an evening party on January 23, at the residence of Miss Donovan, Dundas street. A pleasant evening may be looked for.

W. G. Parsons, Past Commander of the Queen City Lodge 50, Select Knights, was presented with a jewel at the annual gathering of the fratres last Tuesday in Occident Hall; 650 guests were present and a jolly dance ensued.

On January 23 a concert will be held in the Pavilion in aid of St. Paul's Church, in which Miss Lizzie Higgins, Mrs. Petley, Miss Katie Ryan, Signor Dinelli, Mr. Dimmack and Mr. Warrington will take part. The concert will be under the direction of Mr. Torrington.

The Grenville street Bezique Club presented the three-act drama, Our Boys, at the residence of Mr. Ansley recently. The following ladies and gentlemen took part: Miss Lou Paterson, Miss Bessie Wylie, Miss Annie Wylie, Miss Gertrude Mackenzie, Mr. Will Holmes, Mr. Thos. Brown, Mr. George Toye, Mr. Drew Smith, Mr. Bert Brown.

Mr. H. K. Cockin will publish a volume of selections from his poetical works about February 1. The book will be entitled Gentleman Dick o' the Greys and Other Poems, and the selections have been made with the special purpose of furnishing elocutionists with something fresh and taking for their recitals.

On Thursday afternoon the many friends of that genial, whole-souled fellow "Billy Davis," Joe Murphy's manager, laid him away to rest in St. James' Cemetery. W. G. Davis was 41 years old, and leaves a wife, son and daughter, the two latter approaching maturity. His friends are scattered all over America, and hosts of them are here in Toronto.

The wedding of Mr. Frank M. Score to Miss Minnie Smith, daughter of Prof. Andrew Smith, President of the Ontario Veterinary College, took place at Prof. Smith's residence on Jarvis street on Tuesday morning. The bridesmaids were Miss Jennie Smith and Miss Hattie Score. Messrs. R. J. Score, jr., and David Smith acted as groomsmen. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Christie, Dr. J. B. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mara, Mr. and Mrs. John Akers and Mr. J. N. Lottridge of Hamilton. Mr. and Mrs. Score's wedding trip will include visits to several of the principal American cities.

Trinity Talk.

The work of the Lent or Hilary term commenced on Monday, although the nominal opening occurred several days previously. This is the only one of the three terms which is not terminated by exams. (except for a few unfortunates who failed at Christmas) and consequently the fun-loving undergrad indulges in more than usual rest and refreshment.

The first year with the additions of this term is, I believe, the largest class Trinity has seen for many a year. The Freshies are considered a very decent lot of fellows, although they are not very brilliant in the class-lists. I noticed that quite a woeful number of them were "conditioned" at Christmas.

In marked distinction to this lack of attainments was the work of the young ladies of St. Hilda's. In the honor examinations the marks of the male contestants were magnificently small when compared with their more brilliant sisters. St. Hilda's is necessarily small as yet, like every infant college, but what she lacks in quantity she compensates in quality.

P. S. Lampman, '88, who was famed for being a baseball *connoisseur* during his career at college, has lately entered a St. Catharines law office.

I hear that there are several musical projects on the *tapis* among the students. Five musically inclined members who are the fortunate possessors of good voices are about to form themselves into a Quintette Club. As these gentlemen all possess considerable talent in that direction, the affair will undoubtedly be very successful. I would, however, suggest an addition to their number in the person of Mr. F. G. Plummer, whom Trinity numbers among her undergraduates.

Another proposal that will soon take a practical form is the formation of a minstrel troupe. I know of one gentleman—a Freshman, too—who would be almost a troupe in himself. A new-comer, who is likewise a Freshman, has shown himself an excellent mimic of the Ethiopian dialect, and some of his characterizations have tickled the seniors immensely. Altogether there is no lack of ability in the burnt cork business in Trinity, and I am sure quite a collection of artists could be made. At any rate, it is to be hoped that the Trinity minstrels will become an accomplished fact in more ways than one.

Professor Boys was unable to resume his lectures at the beginning of the term on account of an illness, which his many friends in and out of Trinity hope will be only temporary.

On Monday, January 7th, Professor Clark delivered his famous lecture on the "Water Babies" at Perth, before a large audience which well appreciated the brilliant remarks of the lecturer. So great has been the demand for this popular lecture, that, in the language of the play-bills, it must have now reached its 20th consecutive performance or perhaps I had better say "deliverance."

The Rev. Professor Symonds has been appointed librarian in place of Professor Roper who is now in charge of St. Thomas'.

The meeting of the Literary Institute on Friday night promises to be full of interest. Owing to the departure of Mr. J. S. Broughall, B. A., for Johns Hopkins University, the Presidency of the Institute is now vacant. The names of two resident grads. are mentioned in connection with the office, and it is probable that there will be an exciting contest. The students will be moving shortly in the matter of conversazione, which will be held, I hear, in the latter half of February. I understand that a determined attempt is going to be made this year to prevent the overcrowding of last year. The invitation list which is rather unwieldy in its proportions is to be cut down to gain the required result. The present officers of the Institute through long experience are just the right men for the successful conduct of an affair like a conversazione. ERYX.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

GOULDING—On January 13, at Toronto, Mrs. W. Goulding—a son.

MILES—On January 8, at Ridgeland, Chicago, Mrs. E. A. Miles—a son.

BURTON—On January 15, at Hamilton, Mrs. W. F. Burton—a daughter.

ELLIS—On January 8, at Toronto, Mrs. T. D. Ellis—a daughter.

PRINGLE—On January 6, at Port Arthur, Mrs. John Pringle—a daughter.

SMEATH—On January 12, at Toronto, Mrs. Henry Smeath—a son.

YOUNG—On January 14, at Toronto, Mrs. W. Young—a daughter.

MEREDITH—On January 13, at Toronto, Mrs. James D. P. Meredith—a son.

ANDROS—On January 10, at St. Catharines, Mrs. E. B. Andros—a son.

HOLMES—On January 11, at Toronto, Mrs. W. H. Holmes—a son.

BARNES—On January 9, at Ottawa, Mrs. Robt. Barnes—a son.

TAYLOR—On December 30, at Don Mills, Mrs. John H. Taylor—a son.

BLACKBURN—On January 4, at London, Mrs. Josiah Blackburn—a daughter.

CLARK—On January 9, at Hamilton, Mrs. A. W. Clark—a daughter.

D'AVIGNON—On January 6, at Windsor, Mrs. J. E. D'Avignon—a daughter.

GALE—On January 4, at Elora, Mrs. T. A. Gale—a son.

LAKE—On December 29, at Toronto, Mrs. Edward Lake—a son.

PORTER—On January 9, at Toronto, Mrs. Frank Porter—a son.

Marriages.

McBRIDE—RORKE—On January 15, at Heathcote, J. W. McBride, M. D., to Fanny L. Rorke.

OSBORNE—REYNOLDS—On January 9, at Guelph, A. C. Osborne to Susan Reynolds.

MOYSER—MORRIS—On December 22, at St. Leonard's Church, Streatham, London, England, Amy Adelaide Morris to Thomas Moyser of the London and Westminster Bank.

McLAUGHLIN—FAIR—On January 9, at Cartwright, Catherine A. Mcnaughtin to Johnston Fair.

BRUCE—BENEDICKS—On December 4, at the British embassy, Stockholm, Sweden, William Blair Bruce of Hamilton, Ont., to Miss Caroline M. Benedicks of Stockholm.

MACARTHUR—MACINTOSH—On January 9, at Montreal, J. D. MacArthur to Mary MacIntosh.

BASKERVILLE—BARRY—On January 8, at Richmond, Que., John J Baskerville to Nellie Barry.

COLEMAN—KEENEY—On January 9, at Seaforth, Joanna H. Coleman to Fred. B. Keeney.

RICHARDSON—BROOKMAN—On January 9, at Aylmer, James Edward Richardson to Effith Huron Brookman.

SHEERIN—MINOR—On January 9, at Toronto, D. P. Sheerin to Ada V. Minor.

HILLIER—WIGLE—On January 9, Riel Hillier, M.D., to Cora Wigle.

DUCLOS—PURVIS—On January 8, at Portage-du-Fort, Que., Rev. J. E. Duclos, B.A., to Nella M. Purvis, M.L.A. of Ontario College.

Deaths.

DAVIS—On January 15, at Toronto, William G. Davis

KENNEDY—On January 15, at Toronto, Jane Kennedy, aged 51 years.

BEECHER—On January 15, at London, Ont., Henry Beecher, aged 42 years

BURNS—On January 15, at Hamilton, Georgina Smart Burns, aged 56 years.

MACKEDE—On January 11, at Quebec, Catherine Williamson Mackedie, aged 79 years.

MEIGS—On December 26, at Farnham, Caroline Laselle Meigs, aged 84 years.

THOMPSON—On January 14, at Ottawa, William Harte Thompson, aged 86 years.

HEWGILL—On January 6, at Shelby, Ont., Launcelot Simpson Hewgill.

GRAHAM—On January 14, at Toronto, William James Graham, aged 3 months.

HOPCROFT—On January 13, at Seaton Village, Elizabeth Hopcroft, aged 26 years.

PEPPIATT—On January 13, at West Toronto Junction, Philip Peppiatt, aged 46 years.

HAYNE—On December 22, at Kaputhala, India, Major Arthur Neville Hayne, 88th Connaught Rangers, aged 36 years.

CHRISTIANSEN—On January 11, at St. Catharines, James Arthur Christiansen, aged 17 years.

HEALEY—On January 9, at St. Catharines, Timothy Healey, aged 57 years.

MEEGAN—On January 13, at Hamilton, Patrick Meegan, aged 73 years.

TRAILL—On December 22, at Edinburgh, Scotland, Margaret Morris Traill, aged 70 years.

McKELLER—On January 12, at Ottawa, Archibald McKeller, aged 74 years.

BROWN—On January 14, at Toronto, Elizabeth Brown, aged 58 years.

IRVING—On January 9, at London, Andrew Irving, aged 91 years.

SLATCHFORD—On January 9, in Guelph township, Elizabeth Blatchford, aged 71 years.

DUNN—On January 10, at Brandon, Man., C.W. S. Dunn.

QUIN—On January 10, at Toronto, John F. Quin, aged 50 years.

MEMORY—On January 10, at Toronto, Edward Memory.

MacMILLAN—On January 10, at Toronto, Joseph C. MacMillan, aged 53 years.

WILLIAMS—On January 9, at Toronto, Katie Hamilton Wil iams.

WILSON—On January 9, at Toronto, Jordon Post Wilson.

KEAN—On January 9, at Orillia, Albert D. Kean, barrister.

WHEELER—On January 5, at Bergerville, Que., Gertrude Price Wheeler.

MACRAE—On January 8, at Montreal, William Macrae.

BROWN—On January 5, at Vancouver, B.C., Emma Mary Brown.

BENNETT—On January 7, at Hamilton, Frederick Bennett, aged 62 years.

MITCHELL—On December 28, at San Francisco, Alexander Mitchell.

TALLMAN—On January 7, in Hamilton, Edward Tallman, aged 65 years.

CLOSE—On January 8, in Hamilton, John Close, aged 67 years.

Every day demonstrates the great popularity of Thomas' English Chop House and Ladies' Cafe. Under the management of Keachie & Co. it has become the high class supper room for theater parties, and by far the most popular dining-room for ladies. Indeed it is the only restaurant noticeably patronized by the fair sex.

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It is not by any means intended to take the place of a full dress coat and should never be worn where full dress is required. It is suitable only for informal occasions, where full dress would be cumbersome or inconvenient and yet where anything *neglige* would be inappropriate. The newspapers which have written this coat up as a successor to the regular full dress coat have simply made themselves ridiculous.

The breezy articles they have contained were probably written by reporters who get so much per column, and who know no more about correct dress than a parrot does about syntax. A few who respect the eternal fitness of things have raised the cry in really fashionable circles, "Down with the Dress Sack," but they are unreasonable. The dress sack is an elegant and useful garment when it is not offensively obtruded where it has no right to appear, and it fills a long-felt want. It is the connecting link between elegant *neglige* and elegant evening dress, and should be much more extensively used than it is at present. But it can be worn for full dress no more appropriately than boxing gloves can be worn at a wedding.

The Cummerbum is taking the place of the dress vest, to be worn only with the above dress sack. It is a corded silk or satin band which is wound around the waist several times and tied in a loose knot; this is the latest novelty now worn in New York city. The collar, necktie and other details are precisely the same as worn for full evening dress. The above styles can be seen at the Fashionable West End Tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

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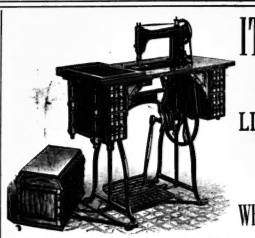

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At Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, for the reception of the Annual Report and a statement of the affairs of the Company, the election of directors, and the transactions of all such business as may be done at a general meeting of the Company. Participating policy-holders have one vote for each $1,000 of insurance held by them.

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January 17, 1889. Managing Director.

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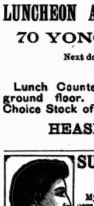

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